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ARIZONA, SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND)

June 14th - December 31st

1893

Owen Wister
328 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

It was too much in the slime, sir -
You don't want Police-News crime, sir,
Robbing mails
And breaking jails -
Ditching some poor locomotive -
What's all that without some motive
Some true human fervent thing,
Simple as a mountain spring?
Well, my gracious Master Alden,
Gracious in that me you called on
To procure
Literature
For the potent brother Harper
When you might have called on others -

June 14th. In Columbian Express between Philadelphia and Harrisburg

My summer journeying may be said to begin to-day. Fitzhugh Savage found me this morning at my office in the extreme moments of departure, and accompanied me to the gate. He told me the melancholy news that poor little "Ink", one of the polo ponies, had suddenly and unaccountably broken his leg yesterday as Conover pulled him up after a goal. There seems no explanation for the accident. The pony had to be shot. When his master sold him to Savage and Conover in Texas, he told them he was glad his pony was sure to be well fed and have a good home! Ink was one of the team I drove last February between Brownwood and Savage's ranche, in my first experience of 4-in-hand. Savage has had luck in selling his ponies, and luck in racing Bridget. He is full of plans for bringing Skidmore north, hunting him in the fall three times (necessary to make the stallion a hunter technically) and three times more in the Spring, which will make him a qualified hunter. Then, according to the price he is offered, Skidmore shall be sold, or sent back to Texas. His standing season is over by July, for colts must come while grass is green and nourishing to the mares, or they will be "Summer colts"; and these are inferior horse-property. Savage takes every chance to have a horse in a race, or be judge ina race, and thus win a national standing in his metier of horseman and dealer - His life is growing concentrated upon this aim, and good beginnings make him a contented eager man. So it is with us all! Harry Mercer drives at his archaeology, and seems more cheerful and weighty than ever before. John, the poet with his six new sonnets accepted for the Atlantic Monthly goes about with a quiet and hopeful satisfaction. John, the painter, I think, gathers courage at his visible successes and advances. The two John doctors, but especially my cousin, are in a state of spirit more mature and self contained than ever before. John, the architect, most successful of all, rises more and more buoyantly to the demands upon his talent. The little successes this past year has brought to me have put me in a new frame of mind, and the way seems clearer for the "soul to adjust itself to the Universe," as Judge Holmes would say. Editors have become attentive and "asked for more" - and if health be granted me for the next twenty years, more they shall have.

This train of six Pullmans is full of silly Ogontz girls going to the Fair - A few are pretty, but so many have sharp discourteous voices; and they use them with such monstrous incessance! Both conductors are good natured to a degree, though nearly every male passenger and certainly every female has explained something remarkable to these officials about a free-pass or an upper berth. I had my own request of course. I have been able to secure only an upper berth. I said to the Pullman conductor, "If the lower man doesn't turn up, I'd be glad of a chance to come down." "All right," he said, "But I must finish my train up first." And I said, "To be sure." The officials on this road are not always civil, but if one thinks of the questions they are asked every day, it is not wonderful that some loose their tempers.

Travel is very heavy. This Columbian Express, usually a train of some seven cars in all, went out of Broadstreet to-day in 4 sections of about equal length.

We are the second, and with our diner and baggage car are eight in all, while our predecessor and follower have the same - except that the follower has some ordinary day cars besides the Pullman.

I trust this day's journey will see "The Bear Creek Barbecue" completed. Since the Atlantic Monthly has expressed an interest in my stories of Wyoming I am most anxious to send them one at once. I think this one is going well; but I have been sleeping so badly and so many aches of neuralgia or gout or some devilish thing have been troubling my head night and day that writing has been a slow process. The story was begun on the 6th, and though there has been time to work at least two hours on it every day but last Sunday, here's the 8th day and only some 6000 words done. Many of them are good words, however!

We have passed Johnstown, now a blazing prosperous area of furnaces. No sign of the disaster is visible. This heavy train of 8 cars was pulled up the horse-shoe curve by three locomotives - something I have not seen before. The front one was very fine - 3 pairs of drivers. It seemed somewhat a new model, more on the Schenectady pattern. The manoeuvre as we came out of the tunnel by which the two extras left us and we went on with our proper Engine without stopping was pretty.

The wayside furnaces increase now in number, heralding Pittsburgh. This area has long walls of them, and the flaming doors close together look like red hot teeth.

The voices of these Ogontz misses are something to forget, if that were possible.

June 15 Near Chicago

A fine clear day. As I was dozing by the open window just now a breeze of a new and cool quality waked me and I saw the lake. Soon we passed all the domes and roofs of the fair - The train was on time till ten minutes ago, when we stopped a long while, but shall not be very late as it is.

June 16 - 4531 Oakenwald Avenue

We were an hour late, being detained every five minutes till the station was reached. A great crowd there, and among them the Ogontz papas waiting to kiss their daughters - This pleasant scene made me forgive the yound ladies their demonstrations on the train. Most likely I was a much more troublesome passenger once, between St. Paul's Schhol and home.

A parade - all Deutschland - was stopping the cars in Chicago, so I walked to the Minor's Central depot, glad my valise was not very heavy. On the way, I was hailed by Jack Tebbets at a corner watching the parade - So I paid him a visit in the street in front of his office, both of us standing on chairs, and then took the train. Trains are constant and seem well managed - We ran along the lake to 47th street, where I got out and soon found this house where John Laulrot reserved this room for me - Very cool, clean, and quiet, five minutes from station. I left my impedimenta and returned to the station, taking the next train to the fair. The road has 8 or 9 tracks, and special fair expresses whirl by almost continuously. On the bridge at 60th street I looked down the Midway Plaisance and saw crowds entering; but to-day was not for that.

I went to the fair at once, and at once before I had walked for two minutes, a bewilderment at the gloriousness of everything seized me, and increased each hour until my mind was dazzled to a standstill. I decided at once to have no plan whatever except that of finally meeting Theodore Roosevelt and Winthrop Charles and the other men who were to dine together at our Boone and Crockitt cabin on the wooded island. With the help of a map I took my steps then slowly and easily, in a sort of vertigo of admiration. I did not look at anything in particular, but merely swam in the atmosphere of beauty and brilliance and stateliness that poured from everything. There were thousands and thousands of people, but the plan is so enormous that nothing was crowded. No one had arrived at our hunter's cabin yet, and I went on across the lagoon into the Liberal Arts. But I was in no mind to be inside of any building, and after lunching at the French restaurant went out to the Peristyle and again my head fairly swam with the magnificence of the spectacle. After staring in a somewhat stupefied way at the white columns, the splendid statue, and one of the noblest fountains I have ever seen, where white figures round a

caravel row the young Columbia forward and a figure precedes and a figure follows the vessel, and water from everywhere splashes down white steps into the shining lagoon - After staring at this with numbed intelligence - I found I was tired suddenly; and so I took a boat and in it made the outside tour from one side the ground to the other. We had a huge perspective of the assemblage of buildings and domes from the lake - and passed in and out, seeing Esquimaux villages, Totems, the famous convent, in fact receiving about once a minute a cosmic impression. I became so deluged with this splendor that, as I say, all thinking power ceased, leaving a pleasurable elation of body and spirits that carried me on when we landed, through more new vistas of astonishment. It did not make the slightest matter where one went. I wandered at haphazard seeing everything but looking at nothing.

In the afternoon the Club began to gather at the cabin and I met many acquaintances, and also dignitaries. Burkham, the head of all; Deering; Millet, (not seen since the Greek play in 1881) Major Harris, (he was Captain when I saw him in the Yellowstone Park in 1887) Captain Edwards, (I met him first at the Fire Hole at target practice in 1891) Porter, admirable sculptor of wild game, whose mounted cowboy and Indian in front of the Transportation Building are distinguished groups; St. Gaudens - others whose names I forget, Austin Wadsworth, Theodore Roosevelt, Winty, Phillips. We dined well and simply, camp fashion. Delicious fish and beef steaks. Theodore wanted to have simple drinks also - whiskey and beer. But Deering and Charles struck and I seconded them and so we had champagne. A lively dinner.

After dinner we all went to see the illumination. St. Gaudens and I became separated from the others, who went in a boat provided by Burkham. We two walked to the Peristyle, and he talked most interestingly. He is a perfectly simple person and with such one always gets on and finds plenty of common ground. He was regretful about Ned Stewardson of whom I spoke, of course. Said Ned was to have been put in charge of the out-door decoration and would have prevented 'lots of rot' in the work, as he expressed it. Upon my exclaiming that I had been in constant admiration all day, St. Gaudens said that there was much sculpture to admire, and began pointing to the various fine groups on the ground and high in the air upon roofs, all now illuminated by thousands of little lamps, and now and then shining like miracles when the great searchlight from a distant tower flashed through the intervening space in one seemingly solid bar of radiance and struck full upon them. I found St. Gaudens altogether as enthusiastic as I was - and each of us kept agreeing with every comment the other made. I made him stop once or twice and explain his talk when it grew technical, and he did so with the greatest clearness and good nature. He told me the young artist of the fountain had been his pupil - at first brought into the office to sweep it out. One day this boy showed a small model, and St. Gaudens knew instantly that his office-sweep was a swan. The swan subsequently went to Paris and was known there as one of the two most astonishing draftsmen seen at the school for many years - perhaps a score. St. Gaudens added that this young fellow was all strung up to intensity all the time and that what with work and riotous living he feared his life might burn itself out prematurely.

The fireworks made us often pause to exclaim - Down low upon the water the moving boats sent spurts of curving colored fire over the lagoon, while above the Peristyle rocket upon rocket rushed into the sky, burst silently and then slowly floated in rainbow constellations. The most beautiful of all was a rocket which made a slowly descending rain of gold - thousands of minute grains, hovering in the shape of a dome and gradually coming nearer earth like a visitation from some Monsalvat - Their glow fell on the glittering white columns and facades and the dark twinkling lagoon until there were moments when all reality and possibility seemed set at naught.

We returned to the cabin and some of us sat over cigars while others more festively inclined went with Burkham and Deering on board the "Argo" - the Chicago Club yacht. A little after eleven I left the others in the cabin and went through the now deserted and silent White City to the station. My room was comfortable and my rest unbroken. This morning a delicious cold bath made me all new again, and after a leisurely breakfast at a restaurant, John Lawbert and I came to Chicago

and took this train for Philadelphia.

The whole of yesterday is a marvelous impression. I studied nothing, looked at no detail, but merely got at the total consummate beauty and grandeur of the thing: - which is like a great White Spirit evoked by Chicago out of the blue water upon whose shores it reposes.

Philadelphia - Sunday, June 18th

Whenever I felt sufficient energy during the journey home yesterday and the day before, I continued writing "The Bear Creek Barbecue", which is turning out as it should - I read the nearly completed mss. to two plain talking critics over brandy and soda last night at the club - Savage with his Western knowledge and Cresswell with a just sense of mankind - and they commended it. Cresswell made one or two wise suggestions by which I shall profit. My mail downtown contained two excellently welcome letters from Mr. Alden of Harpers Magazine. One accepting my two stories "Balaam and Pedro" and "Em'ly", and enclosing three hundred dollars for them, which is twenty dollars for a thousand words and good enough pay at present; the other hoping I would not desert the Harpers for "rivals" and inquiring if I had "really" been in Texas lately, as the editor was anxious to do modern Texas in the magazine.

Success has of late fallen to me so amply for so little output upon my part that I feel superstitious - as if it had thundered left!

O Muse of mine, if such a Muse there be,
Lean from thine airy hill and bid me speed.
Give me God-speed, my Muse, and hearten me
For noble ventures; all thy help I need.
Beckon me, gracious lady, wave me on;
So in the lists I shall behold thy smile
And, when mid din of joustings I am gone,
I'll hear thee singing in my heart the while.

These are halting verses, and don't do credit to the Muse or me.

Breakfasting with Savage just now, he told me of Hugh Armstrong's remark on his wedding day in Texas. To begin with, Hugh when he became engaged had promised Savage and Conover each a hat if they would not run him during his engagement. On the morning Hugh was driving over to his beloved with one of the Mohnson's. Johnson told Hugh that he was taking a very serious step, and did he realize it? Hugh looked very serious indeed. Johnson came back to this two or three times, till at last Hugh pulled the horse up and said perfectly sincerely, "See here. You say the word and we wont go any further on this trip."

The spelling in a letter Savage had received from Lewis Hendricks on his ranche, and some of its phraseology was diverting and characteristic. He had his date written, May The 25th, and signed himself "Yours till deth." The house where the men slept and much of Savage's harness was, had been destroyed by fire. Of this Hendricks wrote, "I haited the house burning." It appears that subsequently Mrs. Hendricks found she had personally lost some bedding in the fire. Her husband's reference to this was, "I laffed at the old woman when I came back." He had been on a journey.

Dined at Manheim with father and mother. Tom was there. Read as much of Barbeque as was finished to them. Went in town with Tom, who hada great plan for a drama we are to do together - a very strong situation for end of 2nd Act - which is our starting point. Moral of drama: Westerners must come East to spend their money. Tom likes Barbeque, but complains my style isn't brief enough. I don't want a brief style - I want a leisurely one. But Tom may be right. Finished Barbeque at Club, sitting up till 2 to get this off my mind - Then it became so much on my mind that I slept poorly in a hot room.

Friday, June 23rd

In train returning from New York. I went to-day to see Mr. Alden at the Harper's - A very agreeable visit during which he said interesting things about childhood and the awakening of thought in the child - I could not go to lunch with

him, having arranged to lunch with Jack Chapman. He asked me to come over next week and pay him a visit and meet Mrs. Alden, and he would show me some of his new books. Am afraid there is no time left for that before I go to Chicago. I told him of my present literary plans, which seemed to suit his notions. The novelette about Chalkeye, he spoke of as possible for the Weekly if, when it should be written, the Monthly was full - And the longer book, The Course of Empire, he at once suggested would do for the Monthly. May I live to do all this as it should be done - and much more! Alden was flatteringly jealous of my giving stories to other people - and when I delicately stood on my will as to this, he said, "Well, don't give the Atlantic any Texas stories." So I made him that promise. He said he was maturing a scheme he wished to propose to me, but he could not to-day. Asked if my journey West this summer was laid out.

Afterwards, I went to Scribners to get news of the story I sent them - A week they said would see one attended to. They were highly civil, and "Knew my work." I passed two hours with Jack talking about Lincoln. He had many new things to say about him - original and making one think, as usual. I shall take books on Lincoln West with me.

Tuesday, June 27th

This afternoon in the heat of rushing from one preparation for my journey to the next, comes a telegram from Alden of a momentous import - It says: "I have an important proposition to make which would if accepted by you modify your whole summer campaign and so ought to see you before you go West." This certainly means business - I answered I should call on him at ten to-morrow but feared plans could not be materially changed. They can of course, if the proposition is important enough - and we shall see what we shall see. I shall try hard to manage both - go to Wind River with John Stewardson, and do this other also. But this may betoken so great an impetus to my hopes and aims that Wind River must be foregone. In that case, I shall send West some money anyhow, as I did last year when I disappointed him (and myself too, God knows!) He will not have lost anything by my failing him at this date - But I know now how entirely he depends on my salary - So he shall have as much as I can afford - and bless him.

Wednesday, June 28th

In Broad St. station, 7:25 A.M. This is going to be a very long day, no matter what other sort of a day it is. My hopes of a compromise are even more strenuous than yesterday - I want some camp life and exercise, and have been counting on it to drive the gout away that has been haunting my hands and head and throat capriciously for the past two months. If I can only persuade Alden to let me begin it whatever he wants one to do in October and not now, I shall feel that the cake was to be had and eaten, after all. In the return ferry boat. I am returning by the 11 o'clock train, after a condensed and satisfactory interview - If I can write what is wanted of me I shall certainly have eaten the cake and had it, too. Alden wants me to do the whole adventure of the West in sketches or fiction, as I find most suitable in each case - taking Indian fighting - train robbing - what I please. He suggests articles of 7500 words on an average, and to pay me $250 apiece - or on a basis of $30-$35 a thousand. He is at present paying me $20, which was an increase from $12. He also is willing to send Frederick Remington along with me if I desire it! He said that Remington was a very companionable fellow - but that I should do as I liked - He wanted the first ms. by Sept. 1st. The series should begin through February, after Balaam and Pedro, and continue through the year till at Christmas he should want - but here I interrupted and said that for Christmas 1894 I had a Texas story in view called "The Partners" - so there he acquiesced. I told him of my summer plans, and how unwilling I was to relinquish them, and why - and this resulted in his giving me a generous 'lee-way' and I am to try and give him a ms. of this pure adventure sort by October 1st - and stay West, if necessary. Events in my literary life have crowded so thick of late that I am a little bewildered - But one thing I plainly see - that one of my dreams - to have Remington as an illustrator is likely to be realized in a most substantial manner. Alden wants my studies to pause for a while and says that after a series of pure

adventure the studies will have a wider popularity. I insisted that I believed in my studies and had no wish to be interrupted or discouraged in my road through them to the final goal of The Course of Empire - and he entirely assented to the desirableness of the scheme, saying thosesother would merely put it in abeyance meanwhile. So now my next duty is to hunt material of adventure voraciously.

Directly opposite me in this car are two men handcuffed. They talk and laugh cheerfully. One is big and fat, hair getting gray, in a black shirt - a shrewd bad eye in his fat face - Rather a respectable moustache - hairy hands and strong big nails. The other's hands are hairy too - But he is a medium and not heavy man - a once good red tie, very dirty standing collar, and patent leather lace shoes - These in contrast to the coarse stockings I can just see above them. His hair is black and curly. Both laugh and joke - but in repose, it seems to me their faces are pretty desperate. I'm going to ask their keeper what their offence is - I somehow guess, burglary - The Keeper had a small hand valise beside him, and I presume it contains emergency apparatus.

It occurs to me that if Balaam and Pedro is designed for January, I must try and have it postponed and write an intervening link at once - Alden, I'm sorry to say, finds the Bear Creek Barbecue too much of a link to be published alone - He said it was "admirable" to lead up to sequences and would do in the book, but not alone. His judgment bears out my mother's entirely - I told him simply to keep it by him till its time came.

They were burglars - the two: And I found a third in the car, and talked with the officer, who told me his experience was that Italians were the worst. I was glad to find him sound on capital punishment, and this dastardly pardoning of the anarchists by the governor of Illinois. So, also, is the brakeman sitting beside me now - Both of them, good, sound Americans.

June 29 Once again in the Columbian Express

It should be added that one of the burglars yesterday was to have been married last Saturday - He regretted this five years interruption to his plans and was of the opinion the girl would take another man, if one came who had a little money.

My day yesterday was as busy as a day can well be - Everything was done however and we had our quartet, playing Rienzi Overture, Brahms Symphony in E minor, Boccherini Minuet, Mozart Symphony in G minor. Then I came in town and passed a good satisfactory night. From 7:30 till 11:15 this morning, it was trunks and checks and downtown and persons, and hansom cabs and at last our party of three got off quite serenly, meeting at the Station when I had arranged all things and nothing was left but to sit down in the train. My mother is tired, but she is going to enjoy herself I hope and believe. Molly Mors is a great person to have along.

The chronological trap I have fallen into with my Western stories is rather a nuisance. If Alden wont wait until I can write a missing link in the Virginian's story, Balaam and Pedro will leave him apparently killed before he has fallen in love with the girl who subsequently is to marry him because he was killed! This tangle will not hinder the links appearing in a book, orderly, but I want the double benefit of their coming first in the magazine - and so my next week is now booked for scribbling at the Fair - not a bad combination, though; and if I can write a story that shall be in itself complete enough to be published alone, and not fall into the trap of the Bear Creek Barbecue which Alden admired but said needed a sequel and could not start alone - why all may be well.

June 30th. Mrs. Darrack's

Our journey is smoothly over. My mother had a better night than usual for her in trains, and was much better this morning and full of conversation. The day is hot and hazy. We got off at Grand Crossing, a man carried the extra bags the few steps to the Illinois Central Ry., my mother marching with my rifle over her shoulder while I carried her two valises. We must have looked like the Janissaries or something.

In a few minutes the suburban train carried us to 57th street where a most friendly policeman found a "Kid" for us and we found another, and with these tugging our bags along we proceeded comfortably here, and now I am waiting till the ladies have had

their baths, to take mine. The pleasing white dome and gallery of the California building makes a good view out of my front window - Mrs. Darrack met us at the front door and everything seems most excellent - We lunch at one.

And now if I were doing what I ought, I should start on that story to send Alden - but I'll make believe it's impossible to write romance in unchanged sleeping car clothes and cinders in one's hair - I'll pretend this is true, and do absolutely nothing but be grateful our journey is so well over - and take a bath.

Sunday, July 9th

I don't believe my story would have got itself done but for the gout and a cold laying me up one day wholly, and part of two more - Now it's finished and goes to Alden to-morrow. He writes he'll put it in November if it'll do.

No one but a morally, physically, and intellectually blind man could be at this Fair without having life go 16 to the dozen with him. We stayed quietly indoors till lunch was over, and then Molly Moss and I went to the Fair, failing to meet Molly Wister. We took a launch - It's certainly the first thing to do, and Molly was properly breathless. It met Joe Lee and engaged to dine next evening - After dinner we took my mother to the lagoon and went about in a launch - But she was tired too much for enjoyment. On Saturday I saw pictures for an hour - Many American ones very good - afterwards becoming content with the outside of things. I repaired to the Hunter's Cabin and wrote a false start on "The Winning of the Biscuit Shooter" Lunched at White Horse with my mother and the girls - Saw Miss Irwin and Miss Coles - Also a bunch of Cabots all new to me but Maggie, and she wouldn't have recognized me for all the bashful world. I dined with Joe in the Deutsches Dorf - He was most delightful and I was glad to see him so full of spirits and energy. He too feels as I do about the greatness and promise of Chicago. We took my mother and the girls to the Javanese Theatre - A mystery play - interesting and dull. Their music was the best part to me. It was refined and monotonous, and now and then ludicrously like Wagner - I remember one moment of bells and quivering in particular, that recalled the Feuer Zauber - The Javanese dancing was wonderful - They do something with their wrists and elbows that puts them gracefully out of joint and back again with a smooth gesture. All this well enough for once - Next day wrote more false starts and began to be unwell. Dined with Joe Lee and S.B.W. and girls in Old Vienna. Joe in great form - He is in charge of the Massachusetts charitable exhibit here, but departed Monday - This day I saw all I care to see in the Liberal Arts - particularly the Harvard Exhibit - Lunched with Molly Moss at the Clam Bake, and had an excellent American for a waiter. The more one falls into conversation here, the greater does love of country grow - Considering the number of strangers of all grades I have talked with, it is encouraging to have met with none so far who was not friendly, at least, and generally intelligent. On the 4th, the rain made a fiasco of the ceremonies, and waiting under an umbrella I met a stranger and we lunched at the White Horse and spent several hours together, seeing Krupp, the Agriculture and the Electricity. These things I don't care to squander my time on, for it's too late to learn about them - I merely desire to know they exist and progress - But such a thing as the Convent of La Rabida is worth pausing over and returning to. I spent half an hour sitting in the cloister garden among the flowers and cactus. It is a sudden complete piece of Spain. The original will of Isabella is there - and many most generous contributions from the Spanish Government. To risk such a precious document as the will alone, seems more than gracious. The Infanta has made herself liked, too - and goes home with universal esteem. The various sorts of results of this Fair may not be conceived by any mind - I find myself thinking "For it was in the golden prime of the good Haroun Alraschid" - but the caliph never saw anything so beautiful as the Court of Honor. In the evening we watched the fireworks - except my mother, who was still less well. So was I next day, really wretched, and kept myself on the bed. On Thursday I came here to the room John Lambert had when I made my first visit to this place - it seems in another era already. The girls went to the Woman's Dormitory - But I haunt Mrs. Darrack's pleasant house and company, not only because my mother is there. I ripped my false start open, re-wrote it and went on in much better vein. Heard programme of American music - Arthur Foote nice - Chadwick clever - McDowell

fanciful - but none of them much - My Old Master's Island Phantasy I thought the best - The truth is - no real genius has had time to come here yet. When he does, there'll be no lack of applause. We know our poets - our Hawthornes and Emersons - our Lincolns and Sheridans - There are enough of us even now to recognize the real American composer, if he existed. On Friday it was hot till I longed for a breath of hell. Pegged away at fiction during the morning and went after lunch to see the caravels escorted to their anchorage in front of the Liberal Arts. Oh, imagination and humanity, what a meeting that represents! The nations made a procession for the Captain - men in helmets, men in cuirasses - Bedouins riding, with lances - ape-like monsters bearing canoes and clothed with a midriff of straw - Hide me from my deep emotion oh thou wondrous motherage! Something daily is seen, never to forget. As for these little caravels bosomed on gleaming Michigan and confronted by the Peristyle - Who says the West is not a theme for poets? Talking of poets, St. Paul's school is dining at the Fair next week - the 19th - and at this 11th hour they've dropped upon me for verses - I have just 4 days - I can not do anything worthy - and can not refuse, either - Of scribbling there comes no end - I shall merely try to be convivial, as suits a dinner - Dining in Old Vienna on Thursday, I met Lieutenant Ames whom I saw at Fort McKinney in 1891, and Captain Baird who was at Fort Washakie - They were very cordial, and before I go made me promise to see them. Life at this Fair is a combined Niagara and Donnybrook of emotions - Pericles and Venice and striped harlequins: the brooding East and electric launches-piebald jingling mummers hopping in front of booths to the whining of some nasal African pipe - black sweating devils beating tom-toms - Frenchmen complaining that these Americans ne savent pas s'amuser - large Germans kissing and drinking beer-mystery plays - trained lions made fools of by a spangled son of a bitch in tights-Sweet thin young women with guide-books and eye-glasses - tired families from Iowa chewing lunch under a Greek column - Theodore Thomas playing Wagner - I walked up to him yesterday and briefly explained I'd like him to dine - He had never seen me before or heard of me - but I mentioned Paine and Mrs Gillespie and he came under the bewilderment of monstrous fatigue - I sat in his room first, looking over scores while he changed his clothes and out of the window were the caravels riding the calm lake - I took him to Old Vienna and he was hard to unbend but by nine o'clock I had many of the thoughts of his heart and he talked about his children and Brahms and America - He called Offenbach a "musical prostitute" - and I asked if the expression did not admit what I claimed - "Oh yes, he had talent" said Thomas. I told him of my plan to write an essay about Offenbach called A Musical Outlaw - But Thomas objected - Said he could respect the Outlaw. I see his point and shall bow to the judgment. Thomas's attitude towards his art is austere and fine - I felt greatly complimented at the freedom with which he talked to me - Now and then I challenged his bitter criticisms on this country and told him 100 years were not enough for everything. He met me squarely and even modified what he had said - And we damned New York and politicians together. He said (my pet thought) This country is great and prosperous <u>in spite</u> of politics. In a cafe where we went the singers recognized him and sang to us exclusively. I left Thomas entirely radiant and cured of his fatigue, surrounded by twenty dozen Liederkranz enthusiasts to whom he introduced me and we rioted amid smoke, beer, and light music.

<u>Thursday Morning, July 13th</u>

My days at the Fair are nearly over. It seems odd how quickly we human beings grow accustomed to the superlative and take miracles as matter of course directly we have seen them. Only two or three times before in my life, and never to such an extent, have I been moved and impressed as here, yet now it all seems as usual as Chestnut Street. I wonder if the unpleasant superlative things, such as battles and the face of death, grow common too so one drifts on without caring or thinking much? The only way I can now get a sensation from the Fair is to visit it in company with some one who sees it for the first time. John Stewardson comes to-day, and I am looking forward to witnessing his enthusiasm. The verses for the Saint Paul's Dinner are finished, thank goodness! I made a beginning last Sunday, between

the hours of midnight and two. During the next two days I wrote nothing, but jotted doggerel about the Midway Plaisance as I went about - Then yesterday I turned to and was done in the afternoon - I could not help becoming serious towards the end. How is a man to talk of the Fair without mentioning the Peristyle, and how mention the Peristyle without setting fire to one's enthusiasm? During Sunday I also finished the new story for Alden and read it to my mother at night in the Fair grounds. She thinks it a success and I hope the editorial Alden may think so too. Next day I luxuriated at the Peristyle all the morning and in the afternoon saw my mother and the girls off to Philadelphia. My mother was much better - and they had comfortable quarters. On Tuesday I was in Chicago after calling on Captain Baird at the Service Building. Ames had gone to bed after his watch at the ruins of the horrible fire of the day before. In Chicago I saw Jack Tebbets and he lunched with me - my other friends were out, and the rest was business - tickets, Pullmans, etc. At McClurg's book shop I had a whimsical experience - after buying Lang's Iliad, Treasure Island, and the Decmster, I asked casually for The Dragon of Wantley. The clerk meditated. That was by a Philadelphian he said - A Harvard graduate - I said I believed it was published by some one in Philadelphia - the Lippincotts, perhaps. Yes, said he - the author was Otis - Otis - oh yes, Owen Wister. He was a musician. I remarked I had not been told The Dragon of Wantley was a musical work. It wasn't, he said - The author happened to be a musician. He was very well known in Cambridge. "If you'll excuse me," continued the clerk, "but you look very much like him yourself." At which I inquired Oh, the clerk knew him? No. Did not know him, but had graduated three years after him and had seen him. There had been quite a little sale for the book at Christmas - (I hope I suppressed any gleam at this.) Then he brought it, and I turned the pages coldly, observing that the illustrations seemed in the style of Howard Pyle. Then I read a little and putting the book down, told the clerk it was not at all the sort of thing I wanted, and so left the shop.

Friday, Sept. 15th

On limited East bound, between Harrisburg and Philadelphia. I have let two months of travel go unchronicled till this last lap of home stretch. But returning home from the West and Wind River this year is only a sort of parenthesis. In two weeks I shall be gone on my travels again - meanwhile just now this train is too rough for writing, and my neglected journal will have to wait a little longer.

Wednesday, October 4th

Limited Express between Fort Wayne and Chicago - Awake my journal and regain some punctuality if possible! I am some 3 months behind, and return to the first missing link at once before taking any further notice of the fact a new Western journey is begun, than to record it. Thank the auspicious stars, I shall see the Fair to-day once more for a last glimpse.

On July 13th

I found Mr. Hargate at the Palmer House, having missed Savage at the Auditorium. Savage had wired me from Bay City to breakfast with him at 8:30 - So I got myself there from Kenwood, but no Savage. So I left a note to meet me at Procter's Statue of the Cowboy by the Transportation Building at 5:30. Mr. Hargate was perspiring over his coffee and eggs. It was dreadful weather - Heat that feels as if it might kill you in a minute or so. I appointed to meet Hargate at the New Hampshire building at 3:30, and went to the depot to meet John, whose train came in with characteristic Pennsylvania precision, one hour late. John and I got a wagon and a boy, and carted our many things to the Northwestern depot in the horrible sun. Then we went to the Fair, and after a preliminary sail in a launch went to lunch, and I then to meet Hargate. John did not care for the first great panorama of the lagoon and buildings and Peristyle as much as I did, or as much as he should. Not to be moved by that sight shows either some prejudice, or a slow imagination. At the New Hampshire building, two pleasant hours with Hargate - We sat and sweltered - The gentleman in charge was most civil to the representative of St. Paul's School and poured out many cold bottles of some native Hygeia water for us and took us in an inner room. We talked of the school all up and down, and I ventured to show Hargate my doggerel for the dinner. He said it would do - I'd rather

like to know how it did. Hargate proposed a Yellowstone and Canada Pacific trip and I much urged it. Met both the Savages and John Stewardson at Procter's Statue. Went up on top of Transportation building for view, then dined in Old Vienna. Saw Professor Pierce here, of Harvard. He was very genial and we remembered about the same things. He asked me to stay with him when I should go to Cambridge - A brother of Kip '83 turned up in Old Vienna - There I am prejudiced, and thought him as silly as his relation I used to know. Savage had a race to ride on Bridget on the morrow and so left us early - I promised to go - Later John and Jack Savage, and I said good night, and John came to my Kenwood room to sleep in a cot.

July 14th

Was a chaos. I made a journey to Chicago, and had our trunks all weighed and checked to Rawlins - There was no time to go to Savage's race, for which I was sorry. The laundry people did not return my clothes and kept me there nearly an hour in a heat that I should think would destroy all their employees before they could wash a handkerchief. Saw a little more of the Fair and dined with Mrs. Darrack - leaving at once for Chicago again - Reached Northwestern depot at 10:05 - Our train went at 10:15 - and I was to meet John here - He had not come at 10:14 - and after the train had begun to move, appeared running. A few years ago this doubt up to after the last minute would have disturbed my peace a good deal while it lasted - but a contemplation of the worst that could happen - traveling to Rawlins, alone and being overtaken by John in about 6 hours, rendered me stoic. It was a narrow shave, though and I had his ticket. If he had had mine - but I provide against such possibilities- A Russian was in our train, regularly seeing the country, with a Baedecker for the United States - the first we had even heard of - Excellent, careful, accurate, and minute. Immeasurably better than any home made book of the sort I have seen - These are generally plainly in the interest of various railroads and hotels, and vulgarly written. Our Russian was not much - But the heat out of Omaha made it impossible to enjoy anything or anybody. A violent burst of storm and lightening cooled us off, and the night was really cold.

July 16th

Early morning showed us the true land and light and desert - And John was entirely amazed, to my great delight. He had never dreamed or conceived of such sights and talked about it all morning. You could not have another share your enthusiasm more than John did mine for that first wonderful vision of space. We had the afternoon at Rawlins and made all our arrangements. John had a pleasant joke out of me. "The atmosphere is very deceitful here," said he, "how tall should you say that pile of stones is on the hill over the rail-road cut?" "At least 10 or 12 feet," I said. "It's just 5, the man says." So I and my distances got laughed at. The girls and freight hands remain at Rawlins.

July 17th

The stage was worse than usual - worse than ever before - and all my old driver friends gone but Hank and Mills - Dave was up in the Yellowstone Park, driving there, they told me. Besides John and myself, was a third passenger, not an interesting one - In fact I remember only the fact we had him along, and fed him from our store. I remembered what a vile cheat of a meal we have always been served with at Bull Springs and I laid in beer and some canned things. At Bull Springs there was no dinner at all of any kind, not even a swindle. It seemed the people there expected to be replaced this week and were going away. "Consequently" said the man who tends the stock, "She aint cooked up anything." We failed to appreciate this sequence, but didn't care, having beer and groceries - Only the uninteresting passenger would have cared a good deal but for us. They had a meal for the driver, a pleasant youth. At Crooks we had a chance for the first food the route furnished. That is to say, having breakfasted at 6:30, we should have gone till 5:30 before we could have got a morsel of food of any sort for all the Stage Company cared. These are the outrages (for there was no excuse) that an Englishman make a row about and keeps down. Being Americans, we made no inquiry even as to how a row could be made. About midnight we sat down to a sort of supper at the station beyond Rongis. John rode

outside with our second driver for the stage, and came in reporting him a jewel - Said John: "He has used all the expressions you make Lin McClean use, and a great many others you can't print." Three people inside one of those miserable 2-horse stages they use now make a poor combination for sleeping - There is nowhere for anybody's legs - and all to do is to be thankful you are not four. It was a relief to walk down Beaver Hill in the sunrise. The view under the early light is unimaginable. I sat beside the driver whose name was Hunter, and he certainly was a jewel - He entirely sympathized with the horse thieves and rustlers over in Johnson County and told me there were four men who ought to be killed - Wolcott, Canton, Irvine, and the other I forget. He believed in the fable about Charley Penrose and his tablets for poisoning everybody in the county, and he added a new story about dynamite that was to blow Johnson County utterly up. He was handsome, and with that fascination that so many of his kind have. He mentioned he had never had any luck with women, and of course we exchanged views and notes upon this inexhaustible subject. West, who had known him in Lander, told us afterwards that Hunter was a cowpuncher noted extremely for his successes. So this modesty was a beautiful as it is rare. I had promised John one good meal at Birkenshaw's and we did not get it. We passed there too late for breakfast and too soon for dinner. The breakfast was bad, and Hunter's drive ended here - additional misfortune. The new driver was without qualities. At Birkenshaw's an ambulance met us and off got a respectable person who shook hands and I remembered the Rev. Coolidge, Indian and clergyman - He was on his way to meet the Bishop of Wyoming. I was greatly disappointed to hear Bishop Talbot would not be at Washakie till Sunday when we expected to be gone up Wind River, and I wrote him messages on my card. At Lander was one old acquaintance-Crawford, the signal service and weather bureau man. The Government had offered the telegraph line between Fort Washakie and Rawlins for sale - 150 miles - Crawford bid $5. and got it. He can hardly help making some money I should think, but he looked shrivelled and dry. Perhaps he sits on a heap of gold all night. Between the Agency and the Post, West came riding to meet us, being he said, impatient "for a sight of my face." I wish I could hit on some plan of solidly helping him - The five hundred dollars I once "lent" him, and which he at times fully believes he is going to pay in spite of my saying I don't want him to, did him no good beyond helping him to live until it was spent. I hired him for 3 months in '92, and did not make the expected trip - He did a month's work for me in getting horses together and meeting me at Cinnabar, - and I gave him 300 dollars. This year, John and I paid him 150 dollars for two months, 70 for his pack horses, and John gave him 25 for the use of his riding horse. I brought him clothes, and we left him a hundred pounds of flour and 50 of sugar - But next year West will be just as far behind - I found that our money brought him even up to date, with the exception of one or two small debts. He says that he had to exchange good horses of his for pack horses for our trip much less valuable. I have no doubt he did - He would do anything to be of service to any man he liked - and to many he does not care for. But he can't sell his horses, and constantly complains of this, and plans to sell the whole of them for what he can get, or even give them away. So I don't feel he lost materially by any exchanges he made for us. In October 300 dollars were coming to him, and he was going to the World's Fair - with no prospect of any more dollars till my next trip! What can one do for such a man? He told me how hard - in fact it was plain to see how hard - he had worked at his ranch on Horse Creek. Hauling timber for fences and buildings, digging ditches, and nearly all by himself - Then, after this grinding lonely existence he thinks he'll give up his ranch because the winters are too long. If he does seek towns and gets work on some railroad, I think he will go to pieces with dissipation as he did once before - only then he was 20 and now he is 34. I told him I thought this, and he admitted drinking had kept him from getting ahead - but said that he was changed. Perhaps so. If I were able I would put some money in trust for him with certain conditions pointing to the competing of his ranch. If he would get some good fields reclaimed, and raise hay, he could get along. Hay is very scarce and very expensive. With such a place once going, he could marry and live on five or six hundred a year keeping a little stock and chickens. But he never will -

When I first began to know him well, six years ago, I was always wondering at his moral volatility - He has seen rough days and little else since then, but the volatility remains unprecipitated. With this he is almost the most lovable nature I have ever known.

At Washakie there were some old acquaintances - Mr. Moore, Captain Ray, Tyghee -now sergeant in Company K of the 8th and one of the best Indian soldiers - and old Washakie, 90 odd years old - Tall, splendid, a wonderful figure of a man. Moore's clerks were all new, but Burnett happened to be at the Post from the store he and Carter are running some 20 miles to the East. This was Tuesday evening - I went at once to call on Captain Ray whom I found on his porch with two lieutenants, Norman and Miller. The Post was very short of officers - the only others there being Lieutenant Howard and Dr. Raymond; Captain Fitcher was away on leave, and the commanding officer in the act of being transferred, and also somewhere else meanwhile, I asked promptly for an ambulance to go and get ourselves clean at the Hot Springs, which we accomplished. In the evening later, John and I both called on Captain Ray and were presented to his wife and asked to dine next evening - Wednesday was filled with preparations for camp, and some photography - The squaws have to be surprised -they will not permit a "sitting" - having the superstition that anything which takes the image away takes some control of the person - Old Washakie was pleased to have his picture made and I stood him stark straight with one hand lifted - Three Indian soldiers made a request through Burnett to be photographed, and were taken in a row. John was delighted with all that he saw, and luckily had Burnett to be Cicernove - Each day, Burnett was going back to his place, and never went, and John had the benefit of his knowledge of the Indians. He told a striking experience of being invited to attend the funeral of an Indian - They went into the mountains with all the dead man's belongings. They came to a deep chasm, down which they threw the corpse, and stones on top. Then one by one, the man's effects - his blankets, pots, all he needed to make him comfortable in the next world. Lastly they came to his horse - his live horse - and Burnett objected - The squaws became angry, but the men of the family seemed inclined to listen to Burnett's protest - There was some consent and they began to turn homeward, when the squaws raised fierce yells of fury - The horse had a blanket thrown in front of his eyes, and before Burnett knew it had been led to the edge, where an Indian gave him a cut with a spear and he sprang, the blanket falling from his eyes. Burnett says that the horse turned and gave one look back at the party as he descended to his death.

If one knew all of Washakie's life, there would be an interesting and strange matter - Two incidents show something of him. He had given certain orders about having his tent moved. His mother-in-law (one of them) countermanded these orders, so Washakie had her killed. Lately, they began ploughing 320 new acres on the Reservation - Washakie was away hunting, and hearing of this sent a messenger 50 miles to order the strip to be planted exclusively with watermelons - He had tasted one and liked it.

West had our horses near the old milk ranch, with an assistant he had brought down in case our party had been three. Originally I promised West the same salary of $100 a month if we took no one else - But it seemed better to him to get a second man; and he preferred this at $75 a month to the other arrangement. The man's name was Wilkes and he was a discharged soldier - West had been having him work at his ranch - Reported him good natured and a good cook - So we engaged him at $40 a month - While I was attending to these matters John saw more of the Reservation under Burnett's guidance.

Lieutenant Howard had sent us a message through West to dine with him, which West delivered so vaguely that we got no notion beyond that Howard hoped we would call - This was mortifying - since we found the actual invitation after Howard had detailed four soldiers to go and get us trout, and had in various ways set his hospitality moving - Then I had to go, make his acquaintance and explain we were expected to dine with Captain Ray. Of course he was most civil and good natured but I felt uncomfortable - He asked us to call after dinner in the evening. The Captain made

himself most pleasant - talked much of Indian fighting, especially the campaigns of '73 and '77 along the Missouri. His opinion of Custer was of the worst, and if the stories he told us were not greatly coloured with prejudice, Custer was not even courageous, unless he was having the best of it. One of his habits was the card sharping habit: and Ray told of a certain young New York officer whom Custer had played with and ruined, taking from him as winnings a cheque of $900 belonging to the Government - This was on General Stanley's '73 campaign. Ray told of a certain raid upon a Cheyenne village on the Kansas (?) river Custer had made deliberately against orders, and nearly got himself and his command lost, but for reinforcements that hurried up seeing what the mess was - Custer was found trembling and white as a sheet! This is so contrary to all I have heard that I cannot but think Captain Ray prejudiced - He was on Gen'l Stanley's staff, and saw plenty of engagements and skirmishes in which Custer had part - and on one occasion heard Stanley say to him: "You are the most insubordinate and troublesome officer I have ever dealt with. You may consider yourself under arrest, and take your station in the rear." What a comment on popularity, if all or half of this be true! Captain Ray told some entertaining stories of a bibulous paymaster. He traveled with a secretary named Charley, and a "Jimmy-john." On one journey the stage coach was overset on a mountain, a man's leg broken, and the stage demolished. The major was supposed to be dead among the ruins: but he poked his head out and cried to his distant-flung secretary, "Oh Charley, is the Jimmy-john hurt?" At Fort Robinson (?) he had a German as orderly, who was supposed to attend to the officer's business when the officer was drunk. One day the Colonel and some visitors from New York arrived at the paymaster's quarters, and found both master and man hopelessly intoxicated - Later the reckoning was overheard: "You damned scoundrel, didn't I tell you you were not to get drunk unless I was sober?" "Yes, sir: but ven vas I going to haf my chance?"

The Captain, finding I was a literary fellow, promised to give me experiences for narration the next time I should call. John and I went over to Lieutenant Howard's and found he had gathered a company to meet us - Dr. Welty, of the Agency: Dr. Raymond, and Lieutenant Miller - We had a pleasant time and I made some excuses for West's not turning up - We soon found our recent host was not greatly beloved by his officers, and they sang us a song about him, made to Ta-ra-ra-Boom de Ay. I was, of course, discreetly neutral, and only said that so long as I had received nothing but civility and attention from Captain Ray, that was all I could speak of. But I got an idea he was not a pleasant person to deal with as a brother officer. West came in late to make his own excuses.

Thursday, July 19th

Our outfit started to wait for us at Bull Lake crossing. I told West that if I did not come the next day, it would be because I was ill - I felt badly and was afraid of another attack of erysipelas. John made excursions with Burnett, visiting the Hogwheat family at their tepee, and the site of an old sun dance. He and Howard also took to cold baths in Little Wind River. Of Bull Lake I heard an Indian legend. Now and then people hear a strange sound of moaning there. This is perfectly well established; but the cause is not. Some believe it is wind far in the canon. But it occurs when no wind is blowing, and is impossible to place. Sometimes it seems subterranean. The Indians say that once a herd of buffalo which their tribe was pursuing, ran over a rock wall and were drowned in the Lake, in the deep bottom of which the old bulls still mourn for the upper air. In the afternoon Howard and the doctor and I met at the target range where John joined us and we tried our new sights - 100 yards, off hand. After my first - a 2 - I put the other 4 in the 4. Barringer's invention is an admirable sight, and I promised to send a set to Howard - I was feeling worse and worse, and was a fool to be out in the sun. I thought I could pass through this threat by ignoring it. In the evening called on Dr. Raymond for a while, and we sat outside in the cool and sang. Mrs. Raymond spoiled, and greatly inferior to him. After some more gossip about dissensions at the post, I went to bed and waked with unmistakable erysipelas - though slight. That Friday and Saturday and most of Sunday I passed in bed on or the sofa. Dr. Raymond was as kind and encouraging as possible, and of course poor John Stewardson was the angel he always is. Considering what an untoward place

for illness - or even robust health - the Washakie hotel is, I was very comfortable and well cared for. I blessed the invention of lemonade; and Mr. Moore hearing I was allowed this, sent me relays of lemons from the store - Mrs. Moore, hearing I was recommended milk, sent it fresh two times a day - The officers called, and Mr. Moore and various humbler acquaintances - John taught me cribbage - and stopped me short whenever I attempted to be sorry for keeping him here when we should be up Wind River - Some letters came of a cheerful nature. One from Fanny Wharton written as usual on the now little noted event of my birthday - One from Miss Anna Monson written on the same occasion - and one from Alden, closing, or rather clinching a contract with the Harpers. I was to write them 8 or 9 stories of 7500 words each, to be illustrated by Remington who would join me, if necessary, in the West. The stories were to be made an important - the most prominent - feature, Alden said - of the magazine in the coming year. They were to be "thrilling, dramatic sketches" of frontier life and incident, and I was to be paid $35 a 1000 words and get 10% royalty on the book retail price. I must send my first ms. by November 1st and the last story must end in November '94 - I was to enter the undertaking by October 1st and do nothing else till it was finished. If I failed to supply any ms. at a given stipulated date, then the series would be correspondingly less - If I had an ms. by October 1st, there could be 9 stories - otherwise 8. All this was certainly very encouraging to me. On Sunday evening I was well enough to go out to Mr. Moore's where I met at last Bishop Talbot, and so felt the erysipelas had its compensations. The Bishop talked soon of Lin McClean and wanted to know if I had intended to draw himself in my bishop - I told him that this would have been impossible, even if I had wished to do such a thing, as I had not known in the least what sort of man he was. He said, so he had supposed, but that his friends said my bishop resembled him closely - and he had hoped they were right! He said the slight incident of his lost robes, and preaching in his ordinary dress had given still further occasion for the idea I had meant him, for precisely that thing had happened to him once in Idaho! I felt still more complimented when he told me he had done "a great deal of missionary work with Lin McClean."

On Monday the 24th I was much stronger and John joined our camp with West who came to the Post to see why we did not come. I remained, to get more strength and overtake them on Wednesday on the Dubois stage. I lunched with Captain Ray, who certainly showed me none of his unpopular qualities, but was always most agreeable. I dined with Howard and after parade, sat with him and the doctor and Lieutenant Miller. They told me astonishingly ill stories of Ray, but admitted that I could not very well join in their feelings.

On Tuesday I wrote many letters, and in the evening paid goodbye visits. Captain Ray told me his Fort Robinson experience where he and a brother lieutenant (afterwards Captain Crawford) took the law into their hands and shot a Sioux half breed who had escaped from jail under sentence of hanging for a double murder. It was certainly a striking story and I told him I should make it into fiction if he had no objection. I had one more visit to Moore's and saw the bishop who told us entertaining adventures of his own. He is a most sterling and agreeable man, and devoted to fishing. His brother was with him to catch trout, and they mutually denied each other's assertions as to the number they had caught in the afternoon. Strangely enough, another brother was at St. Paul's school as a master, and taught me I forget what; which does not seem to do much credit to my application.

Wednesday, the 26th

I left on the buckboard that goes once a week to Dubois. The Dutchman driver was a friendly person, and the day passed well enough, though I should like to have felt stronger for the 40 miles we trundled in the sun. This reminds me Dr. Raymond would not permit any professional relation between me, his patient, and himself. Of course I made as decided a protest as was possible, but he would not hear of it. I never know what to do, exactly. Cannot ask my father on this occasion, for my having been unwell has been kept a secret. Shall ask Jack Mitchell. Some token at Christmas obviously not a <u>return</u> or an <u>equivalent</u> seems the thing. At Meadow Creek I found our

outfit - John and West had had a day at Bull Lake, and Wilkes had been kicked by a horse. His tale of it, and his limping, and gruesome long face frightened me till I saw the injury. I held laudanum bandages to it for half an hour as he lay on his side, and by that time had decided he was a baby. We camped at Red Creek next day, where John, under the proverbial luck of beginners shot a mountain sheep. It was a lamb come down to find its mother that some people we met had killed. It seems several sheep had come down into this unwonted place, driven probably by Indians, or still more likely by the heavy storms we could see were raging along the top of the divide. Next day the outfit went ahead to West's ranch, and John and I fished along Wind River. We were on foot or horseback from 8 till half past seven. At Dubois, old acquaintances - Mr. Halstead, Havey, Peterson. I forgot to say that we saw Dick Washakie at Meadow Creek. But after his outrageous disertion of us on the Yellowstone in '91, I was not glad to see him, and said nothing but a gruff how d'ya do; which most likely was entirely lost upon the Indian. I don't know. He knew well enough then what we thought of his leaving us in that lurch. A Professor Converse was at Dubois - He is of Hobart, and had finished a hunt. John and I stopped and had a short talk with him as we rode up Horse Creek. He reported much game on the Divide. There was another report of 300 Indians hunting, or just finished, where we expected to go. The route I had at first designed had been up To-wu-ge-tee pass to a pasture near the lake at the head of Wind River, and after that over the pass and so to Pacific Creek, possibly to meet Boies Penrose and Keller - Captain Ray suggested we go to Fish Lake first - at the head of one of the Forks of Warm Spring Creek - This was the country where rumor had placed the 300 Indians - Now we were told how much game there would probably be round the Ram's Horn, at peak at the head of Horse Creek entirely off out route - I did not want to disappoint John's hopes of game and take him to a country where 300 Indians had been driving everything away - and I did not want to go to the Ram's Horn - But I expressed no sentiments but those of dispassionate investigation - West, as usual, was of several opinions at once; had I done more than merely listen to him, our fortunes would have halted in an eddy of plans, as his own have always done. That Saturday night I was altogether done up and scarcely able to eat. The three last miles John and I had ridden from Peterson's cabin to West's were like ten; for the long day and the sun and fishing and little to eat had been a foolish combination for me. I thought I was to be ill again - Sunday I rested - lay in bed late and ate little, and in the afternoon remained at the cabin while John with West and Wilkes went down to the cabins at Dubois. I fired my rifle with a rest and found the sights admirable. On Monday John and I left the men to follow, and rode over the bad lands to Warm Springs Creek, where we fished and visited the natural bridge and the extinct geyser on the hill. This I had somehow missed in previous years. It is an ominous hole, brooding with the supernatural. All you see at the top is a crack some 20 yards long and 8 or ten wide - Looking in part of the walls are steep rock, and part strewn with earth down to an earth ridge a little too far for jumping <u>out</u>, tho' easy and safe to drop upon - Down in there some 12 feet the whole bottom of gravel and sand slants away under an arch into darkness. But at the narrow end of the crack you could crawl down, pass through a hole behind a jutting stone, and so to a landing place with ledges under the roof the upper surface made over this. The place stank of stale dung like a bird shop, and along the ledges heaps of dried pellets were deposited among old grass and sticks - either the nest or the retreat of wood chucks - From here you saw down into a cave, with a strangely level floor which, as you looked, you suddenly discovered was water - Round one side ran a narrow shelf of rock. In here some 30 years ago some Shoshone Indians took refuge during a fight with the Blackfeet. The marks of bullets against the walls where the Blackfeet fired in from on top are (says Captain Ray) still visible. I descended the slant from the landing, an easy matter with one small terrace to go down at the end, and there was an opening at the bottom of this little jump. It was some feet above the water, and the grass grew round it. It curved down into the Earth, and as I looked at it I heard a light roaring sound far below. Putting my hand into the hole, the air felt plainly warmer the further you reached. The roaring sound continued soft and steady the whole time - I walked into the cave and round the ledge. The pool there was of a clearness almost frightful to see in such a dim light, and a little white

stone I dropped in went waveringly down and round a sort of bend into blackness. The water lay in a cup that opened at the rim like a huge lily, and like a lily narrowed to the stem of which the roots were - where?

A little before dusk we overtook our outfit camped at the bottom of the flat below Old Man Clarke's. They were just in - not having gone from Horse Creek till two. Several campers were near us, among whom one typical old prospector with red discontented eyes, at least 60 - When West inquired if there was water handy he said: "Yes. And if you drink it six months it will give you stone inthe bladder. It's been analysed." Neither he nor ourselves were going to drink it longer than at breakfast next morning.

In the morning Old Man Clarke came down to see us, and he drew me a picture of a short trail to Fish Lake. For Professor Converse had seen John on Sunday and ridiculed the 300 Indians, and so the Ram's Horn plan was dismissed - Our trail to Fish Lake was easily found till just at the end we strayed into very bad cross timber - Had we followed Old Man Clarke's directions absolutely we should not have gone wrong then. But we did not lose an hour.

July 31st till August 9th

We stayed at Fish Lake. I was more anxious to write than to hunt, and besides found myself not wholly recovered - So most of my days were spent in camp, while John and West hunted - to very small purpose, be it said! Both seem to have bungled on several good occasions - losing antelope, deer, and elk. A blacktail buck that West and I fired on one evening had but one hole in him, and I doubted which of us had hit, feeling pretty sure it was not I : but in the next few days we did some target practice and also fired from horseback at a mark; and West's shooting turned out so weak that I arrogantly called the glory of the deer - and do still.

Barringer's sights have done a world for me; and I have gained a confidence I never had before. There were shoals of trout in Fish Lake, and I caught one that measured 21 1/4 inches. The last night there, John and West camped away at the Lake of the Woods, bringing back a doe antelope in the morning, for our meat was out. I finished "A Kinsman of Red Cloud", in which I developed the story of the half breed told me by Captain Ray. I had to make a beginning for it, as his facts take up the story at its climax - All that led to this the Captain did not know - and I have no doubt the truth would be much better than my fiction, which but for one invention is pretty commonplace.

August 9th

We went along the Divide to camp on the Sheridan Trail, two miles down the Pacific side from the summit. We passed through our old camp of 1887, and there still in the ground and not one missing, were the stakes we had stretched our bear hides on. About twilight West and I went for a stroll. We jumped some deer we did not see, and later a bull elk. Returning along the trail when dusk made further hunting seem futile, we came into seven or eight bulls feeding. We saw but one at first and both fired, when he disappeared and we saw the others - We fired a great many shots in the uncertain light - I remember remarking it was no use to go on since I could not see my front sight. One huge monster I missed half a dozen times at least as he stalked up the hill - We got two - One quite large, which one of had wounded and which I dispatched, and after we had dressed him in almost complete darkness and were returning to camp, the second. This one was the first we had fired at and supposed we had missed. They had been roaring at us from camp and now came with a lantern to see what the matter was - It was too bad John should not have had this luck; and I told West I should not go out for any more elk. We stayed at this camp till the 15th hoping bear might come to our elk carcases, but there were no signs of bear in the country. One afternoon when I was hunting alone and exasperated at finding no bear sign I took revenge on a poor owl. He sat in a tree, and the way he stared at me was so tempting that I rested my rifle ona limb and aimed at the extreme edge of his left wing. He came flapping and indignant to the ground, and I never had made a

better shot. The bullet had merely cut his long feathers off without grazing the bone, and only scraping a little skin off. Nothing was broken, and he bled scarce a drop. I took him to camp, and he snapped his bill at me all the way - He was enormous, and very soon ate and drank what we gave him, and prospered. We called him Francis Bacon, and all day he sat on a log, but I put him in a sack at night. Towards dusk he would utter the softest mildest To-whoo! I was entirely sorry I had ever done him this wrong, and it did not seem good to let him free until his feathers grew out. He could hop and flap over the ground at a great rate and jump up a tree, but any fox could have caught him. Our first plan was to go from here over straight to Spread Creek and so to Snake. John and West and I went one day to look for a good trail, but did not get far enough. Then we decided to go along to To-we-ge-tee, and from there across to Buffalo Fork and thence to Enos Lake and Pacific Creek. We found a good trail to To-we-ge-tee, and on the 15th of August moved there. There was ice every morning now, and getting up was cold, and washing at the frozen edges of the stream still colder. We remained at the head of Black Rock a day and found a way over round the steep lava ridges and down to what we thought was Buffalo Fork. We went here, leaving Francis Bacon at large on Black Rock. I tied him out one night and he escaped. He was perfectly strong and well but for the lacking feathers, and I hope he came to no harm. We went down a good trail along the supposed Buffalo Fork and then over a ridge and down through abominable cross timber to a stream I imagined was Pacific Creek - But when we were near it, the size showed us this was Buffalo Fork, and the other a tributary - and a long important one - between it and Black Rock; something I have seen on no map, and never before heard of.

From August 17th till 26th

We stayed at this camp on Buffalo Fork. The fishing was good, the bathing good tho' cold, and we were certainly surrounded with elk and deer. As meat was now growing scarce I hunted with John and West, and on one of these days they should have got a fine bull elk - The whole thing went on under my eyes, for I sat on a top of a ridge with the horses and let them go down. The thing seemed certain, and I was anxious John should get his elk. Somehow the bull heard them and walked out of the willows to a side hill; but there he stood quiet watching, and (I think) under the impression it was a bear. John got a broadside at 100 yards and West shot as the elk ran - But it's very easy to sit on a hill and criticize one's brother. In this bottom was a cabin, and a paper on the rude table - "Stranger make yourself at home, a poor one but better than none." I have fair photographs of this place. One afternoon while fishing, a wolverine swam out behind a rock under my nose and rolled himself in the opposite sand to dry. I had no rifle and he trotted away without ever seeing me. I am half glad now - I like to think of him rolling cosily there in the sun. I began a new story here - "The Promised Land" - and had more trouble than I can ever remember before - I wished to paint the hardships of emigrants a little, and the "prairie schooner", along with the criminal selling of whiskey to Indians. I chose the sombre atmosphere of the Columbia and the Big Bend, and melted together two experiences that happened to George Waring and his wife. But by themselves the incidents were merely shocking, and the toil of leading up to them and making a situation that at all satisfied me was really at times disheartening. I think I must have been unwell somehow, for invention dribbled in muddy drops and I destroyed much paper.

On the 27th we left this pleasant camp, where I leave some of my affection. The water ran so clean and cheerful round our big meadow, and the mountains rose at its edges everywhere, shutting us in with no sense of oppression but only of delightful seclusion. We made 12 miles down Buffalo Fork - A hard trail here and there, and no following the stream. Towards three o'clock I crossed a nearly invisible narrow ditch, over which the grass and willows were tangled, and immediately behind me two of our pack horses fell in and went out of sight. You could see nothing but the tops of their packs, and they were jammed together like sardines. It took us two hours nearly to get them out of this hole, and for a long while I think all of us thought we should have to leave them there with bullets in their heads. It was the worst thing

I ever saw, and West said the same. We camped along the stream where it was out among its willows in the broad valley. We shot ducks in a puddle near camp and if Wilkes was to be believed, nearly killed him with our bullets that glanced up from the water. He said they came three feet from him. If so, their course must have been that of the letter S. For they had to rise from the water over a hill and come down at once to reach anywhere near our camp. At all events, Wilkes indulged in the worst fit of injured feelings we had been favored with - It is fortunate for him he did not carry out his threat to West of going home, for we were prepared to let him go. For a harmless person he was the most peevish and trivial individual I have known. Fortunately, he did not have Smith's brains and talent for malice, or our journey might have come to grief. As it was, he furnished John and West and me much entertainment.

The next day we reached Snake and on the Sheridan trail above Pacific Creek John and I shot a buck antelope for meat. He took first shot and we thought he had missed; then the antelope halted and I shot when we were about 100 yards from him and his rear was towards me - He ran off. But both of us had given him mortal wounds - We passed Beaver Dick and his whole Indian Outfit, and later Woody with some rich sort of man from St. Louis, and 23 horses. We passed this expedition at a little distance so I did not recognize Woody, unluckily. We camped just above Crawford's shack on the other side of the river and John and I fished and swam. The next day we passed Sargeant's ostentatious notices at his gate and camped at the Snake crossing, which is now some seven miles inside the Yellowstone Park. Soldiers are stationed here, and accordingly our guns were sealed. I was delighted to find they shared my opinion of Sargeant and to hear that all who came by there after seeing him had but one thing to say of him.

Our next drive from this old camp took us over the reverse of our way in 1891. We nooned at Lewis Fork crossing among the same few pines, and it rained this day as it had then. In the afternoon our road was deluged with puddles of mire, and when the sky did not rain on us the trees did. We camped at the bottom of Shoshone Lake, going for a mile or so on our way along the new road they are building South West from the thumb of Lewis Fork. It was very wet on the ground.

Next day we camped among trees above Old Faithful some few hundred yards, and had our first sight of tourists. None stay at this hotel now - The stage goes to the Fountain first day: the second, they lunch at the Upper Geysers, and sleep again at the Fountain, passing by again next morning on their drive to the thumb.

John wished to give me a birthday dinner; and after a little of his gentle persuasion the manager yielded and we had an excellent and pleasant meal with Eclipse Champagne. West was invited to meet me, but not Wilkes. I found that the Eclipse went to my head at once, and John and West were in the same case - So we drank little, having no wish for a torchlight procession. At this place we first began to hear how great a panic there had been. The manager told us of banks failing, mills shut down, riots in Chicago, and a great deal else of flurry among the speculators - all which had come and gone, and we among the imperturbable mountains. But the action of our Senators at Washington and their foul dishonesty as to the Silver Bill which the whole country was clamouring to be repealed - this put my spirits down. I see no way out of the Saturnalia into which politics are hurrying - Something worse is being done each year, and the American people have been looking on and lying and stealing for so long that we have lost the power of being shocked. Our country and its Government are now two separate things, not greatly unlike a carcase and a vulture. I don't think we are quite a carcase, except morally. Honesty is so unsuccessful now in anything, that people imagine they do not want it. This delusion has happened to nations often before, and contains its own remedy; which is the caving in of all business credit, so that no man will trust another. After experiencing that for a while, communities have generally come to their senses, and the atmosphere is cleared once more. I hope this earthquake will come as soon as possible; and I hope to see corruption in our politics go on without a halt as it is going now, for that is our only hope - No preaching or protest, no honest young men attempting politics, are going to be of the slightest availnow: the stagecoach has got going down the slide too quickly for any

brake to hold it - and the passengers inside have got so deep in their game of poker that they are blind and deaf to what is happening -"I must get rich. I don' care how. If a tariff will do it I must have one. If a Farmer's alliance will do it, I'll vote for it. I must get rich if I have to cut my neighbor's throat for it." - That is about the standard of our American nation in the year of grace 1893. Of course anybody knows that huge and perhaps bloody disaster is the only cure for this; and as a man who loves - not his countrymen, or not many of them, for I can find very few Americans on my journeys across this continent - but who loves his country, I hope the earthquake will come soon as to this also. There was a time in 1861 when the turkeybuzzards of politicians were on their knees to the decent clean men to save them. It will come again. If it does not, the Great Experiment of "Equality" is a failure. I will not write any more of this, for it brings me gloom the further I think of it.

We might have had some personal inconvenience from the panic, for we found no drafts were honored - But by great luck I had brought ready money enough for the present and I felt sure that when we reached the Mammoth Hot Springs Captain Anderson would see us through. John saw the Geysers, partly with me, partly with the hotel manager, with whom he went fishing. This man was Culver, once freight transportation agent and now deposed and pensioned off with this lunch station when a change in Park politics came. He was civil enough to us, but had always been a damned rascal, like Wakefield and most of them - Wilkes chose this day to get drunk with some of the wages we paid him - and was laid to sleep between haystacks at the stables after bothering me at camp with professions of esteem and confessions of shortcomings on Buffalo Creek. He had also desired to fight the soldiers.

The rates for stage passage from Geysers to Canon and Lake seemed to us an outrageous imposition, and we had decided to take our outfit to the Thumb and pay only the fare on the steamer thence to the Lake Hotel. But Wilkes was now a dead weight on the hands of West, and John thought we should put no such burden on him. We therefore swallowed the swindle and got on the stages as they came by Saturday morning. We bade West goodbye - Wilkes we did not see. My seat and John's were not in the same stage, so I made acquaintance with the passengers with me who were a Mr. Ellis from Reading, his wife, sister, and a fool of a male friend, a lawyer at Reading. The Ellises were very pleasant, and he an enthusiastic hunter. He had taken the fool friend into the Teton country to shoot elk, and complained to me of him bitterly. At the Thumb, lunch in tents, and another swindle - Our ticket did not give us the option of going by the boat, though we had been led to believe it did. There was a whimsical Russian with a Baedecker, seeing everything punctiliously. He had perfect manners, wore a red fezz, a gray spreading duster, and would have leapt on anyone and cut his throat, had it come into his mind to do so. He traveled with a Jew courrier - interpreter, more odious than most of his tribe I have seen.

Saturday Sept. 2

We reached the Lake Hotel and the manager was astonished at our plan of staying for more than the night. We had a comfortable room, and stayed until the next Wednesday. Each evening the train of stages brought their load, and took it away next morning by nine o'clock. Thus the tourists see nothing but a dusty panorama, and their Park visit is merely an uncomfortable daily journey in a stage coach. It is the rarest thing to find anyone stopping like ourselves - for the Syndicate discourages this in all ways it can. So I had this large house all to myself each day after breakfast, and sat the morning through, writing at The Promised Land. After my solitary lunch (for John would go out with a brat to fish) I hired a boat too and rowed to join him in the river where it runs out of the Lake. We swam once or twice, and John brought in a lot of trout each evening - 45 once and weighing 47 pounds. After dinner the new instalment of tourists would keep us either entertained or scornful till bed time. But few Americans were among them, most being from Germany, and the others from all over the world, even South Africa. We met one most courteous and agreeable Frenchman from Nantes. Of course there was the typical ringmaster who fathered the rest for games and singing: and a typical young lady belle of the party- and many sour professors from small German towns and big ones too.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Smith and their children came Tuesday night, having been to Alaska, and I virtually made friends anew, for I had not really seen them since I was a child in Germantown and ran about with Bill. I was afraid of seeing Mrs. Smith for the associations I might revive with his loss so near, but I need not have been. It is a very good thing to see and talk with a character so pure and lovely. My nature makes me forget about the good in the world if I go too long absent from these influences. At the Canon where we all met again, they leaving on the 6th in their stage, and John and I in a private conveyance furnished us because there were no seats, I walked with Mr. Smith and was able to show him some views which he admired as much as I do - John did not feel the reverence for that place which I have, and talked a good deal about Sienna marble. I never care to hear nature compared with art - I have always disliked "Woods over woods in gay theatric pride" of Goldsmith. That must have been his century, of which classic Justian he is thank God mostly free. If you are a painter by instinct, as John is, I suppose all of life, and the mountains and anything in the visible world reaches your heart indirectly after your brain has been looking at its "possibilities" as material; or, if it does not go so far as this, the thing is still watched with the craftsman's eye. Some writers have carried this so far that I doubt if any human emotion was real to them. That such an attitude is not at all essential to the artist, and that it is possible to be a great one and yet remain a human being is evident from the lives of Michael Angelo - Molière - Walter Scott - in fact any of the great ones I know about, with the single exception of Goethe. I don't think he ever had any feelings, except intentionally, so he could analyze them.

We met a pleasant and intelligent Mr. Catlin at the Canon. One disappointment I had, in finding all my letters had been there according to my arrangements, and had been sent away by the officious clerk because I had not turned up to claim them. In fact every act of the Park tradespeople and every rule and system they adopt seems for the direct purpose of extortion and inconvenience of travelers. The man told me the rule to send letters away that were not called for in 5 days. "Not if they're marked to be called for" said I: and he told me mine were not marked so, which astonished me until I got them at last and found that they were. The agent for transportation here was beginning a high tone with us, but I was able to take a higher one, and bottled his insolence. When I told him we wished two seats for Friday to the Mammoth Hot Springs, he said he didn't know whether he could give us any - "In that case", said I, "We desire private transportation." He looked surprised; so I added, "I don't suppose the rule of the Secretary of the Interior has been changed since last week." "No," he said - doubtfully. "If you feel uncertain about that," said I, "I'll telegraph and find out from Captain Anderson." So we had our conveyance.

Friday Sept. 8

We waked at Canon in three inches of snow, and drove away rather cold. Lunch at the Norris basin, where who should I meet by Frederick Remington! When I told him my name he said he had many things to say - he had just illustrated "Balaam and Pedro". I had many things to say to him, and we dined together at the Mammoth Springs, where I found most of my mail washed ashore - Some I shall never find. Remington is an excellent American - that means, he thinks as I do about the disgrace of our politics, and the present asphyxiation of all real love of country. He used almost the same words that have of late been in my head - that this continent does not hold a nation any longer, but is merely a strip of land on which a crowd is struggling for riches. Now I am a thin and despondent man and everyday compel myself to see the bright side of things because I know that the dark side impresses me unduly: but Remington weighs about 240 pounds, and is a huge rollicking animal. So to hear him more caustic in his disgust and contempt at the way we Americans are managing ourselves than I have ever been was most unexpected. This Friday night we sat in the little drink room with Captain Anderson, who is a man greatly after my heart - I was delighted to find how energetically he watches the Park.

My mail contained all kinds of news - They were well at home - various acquaintances were married or dead, but no friends. Scribner didn't want the story I had submitted

sense and moderate actions. The fact is no woman who can afford it should be troubled with talking to cooks - It should be done by a housekeeper - But we have not these machines yet, or the machinery they require, in America: and so my mother's health and spirits must be squandered and ruined in work for which she unfortunately was not designed. Yet I say again - this is a small share of unhappiness for this world: and when I think of some of our near friends, I remember how little we have cause for grumbling at Fate.

I spent the next week at home. Harry Mercer came down from Doylestown and he and my father and I saw Lohengrin at the North Broadstreet theatre. Harry's summer has brought him against Archaeologists and savants and they have recognized his value. He had been to Madison, in Wisconsin, reading papers at a convention, and then to Chicago, and to some mounds in Ohio. I found him still extremely busy with work ahead of him - and this dispatched, to Europe for the winter - But I don't feel afraid of Europe's claiming him for her own, any longer. His hand is set to a plough that will hold him to his country henceforth.

Few people were returned from their Summer. Aunt Naomi peeped into my office one day and made us a delightful visit there - She and Annis were going to the Fair after all. Frank Bond I saw once or twice, and he most kindly wanted me at his box in the country he calls "Out of Sight". I sent "A Kinsman of Red Cloud" over to Alden, and drove away at Promised Land all the week.

Saturday Sept.23rd

I went to Doylestown, where I had a good visit and talk with Harry Mercer, and heard more about his Summer work. We drove to a lead mine and saw an old prospector who in 1863 had sold a corner lot in Denver for 90 pounds of flour - He was the typical drifting sort, and now, after years of the West from Mexico to Washington, was stranded in Bucks County - penniless to the end. Harry and I existed in the studio and his room, both working - he at his notes on an article about the Delaware gravels and the Peabody collection he had run up to Cambridge to see during the week and I finishing Promised Land which I read him Sunday evening. He found justly an artistic flaw: two crossings of rivers and 2 cabins with adventures, where all should have been concentrated over one. He found the middle too long, but in this I did not agree. I think the appearance and talk of Wild Goose Jake will do as it is written: the end would lose force if the man's personality was not given at some length. So I told Harry I should test the story on one or two more critics before I set about altering it. The fact is, I had grubbed away over it so hard and so long, in camps, hotels, trains, and now at home, that I almost hated the sight of the paper. On Monday came two invitations I could not accept. The Russells wanted me at Namshon, and Miss Willing wrote that Mrs. Astor hoped for my company on their yacht to see the Vigilant and Valkyrie race. I should have been glad to do both - I would not have my ties with the Russells ever grow slack - Home Farm and all that dear household. Emerson says, "Friendship must be kept in repair"- and this winter I mean if I am alive to go to New England and see them all, and see much of them - Lees, Cabots - Law School Gang - in fact Boston. Miss Willing wrote one of her serenely ironic letters about her summer at Newport and I replied in kind.

Tuesday, Sept.26th

Over to New York and my editor - present shaper of my destiny. It appears Red Cloud can't be in the series, even if accepted, or Promised Land either, because not made from material gathered by special journey. That's entirely right, for Mr. Harper is paying me high wages - But had I known it, I should certainly not have spent so many days in a tent on the Rocky Mountains, holding a pencil instead of a rifle - Still - it's perfectly right. Said Alden: Your story is very bloody. You're not going to get much American western adventure without blood, said I: and if you find that bloody, what will you find The Promised Land which I bring you today? Then I told him that I certainly was anxious about my punctuality now. I had hoped these two mss. would put off the next day of delivery till Dec. 1st - and that it seemed to me I could not possibly get my material and write 8 stories in time to finish in Nov.'94. I explained that though I should go West at once, as soon as I heard from Captain Edwards in Arizona where I was to come, the finding of material would take some weeks before I could write at all. Well, it all came out happily. I was introduced to Mr. Harper, and Mr. Harper was highly urbane:

and I need not feel hurried: and I would try and give them something by Dec.20th: and the series might run over in 1895 since the stories were not to be published as a series but as isolated stories: and if it proved a success, why there might be a second volume. So all this was full of purring, and I parted with Mr. Harper who asked me to think of a title for the volume, as titles were of vast importance - And I told him my mind was already for some while concerned with this, and we both smiled farewells at each other. But I had a practical compliment from Alden. Emily, I found, was to be in November and not Christmas. "The subscriptions come in after the November number," said Alden. The story I wrote him in Chicago will go in the Christmas: and this I like all the better, for it places the three in chronological order. Emily seems a lucky stroke. One or two sub-officials in the office made allusions to it that were most encouraging. I corrected proof, and lunched with Alden and Charles Dudly Warner whose writings have always given me great pleasure. He was as agreeable and sound as his books, and altogether a charming person. Alden took me down to Metuchen to spend the night and meet his family: and there read me, as he had promised, some passages from his new book that are deeply interesting and many of them beautiful besides. He is two people, like the rest of us. By day a business man, a broker of manuscripts, consulting not his own, but the popular taste, and publishing not what he admires, but what will increase the circulation of Harpers Magazine. By night, a dreamer whose thoughts are concerned with the mystery of good and evil, the serpent in the Garden, the eternity of the soul. He has pleasant daughters, and Mrs. Alden, whose health is very delicate, came down in the evening to see me. The next day I spent the morning in condensing Balaam and Pedro, which ran in the proof three pages longer than they had calculated. It appears, according to Alden, I had used long words and these took space. Curious. I remember when I was writing it I had a wish to make it deliberate and, if possible, sonorous in places. It did not seem the sort of thing to be told in a brief style of language. I should be glad to write it over again, for I have learned more since writing it. I saw Jack Chapman both days, and Sherman Everts, and Harry Sedjwick, with whom I lunched - I called at the Forest and Stream to see Grinnell but he was away. The boy handed me their next number of Sept.30th, where I was met with the White Goat article, or the 1st half of it - The Boone and Crockett book was shortly to appear, and they took my contribution from 'advance sheets' as a specimen.

Thursday, Sept. 28th

Saw Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" with John Ingham. Good first act. Next day I had satisfactory news from Alden. I had told him to let me know before I went West if the two stories would not do, as I would offer them elsewhere - I felt pretty confident of the Promised Land. Harry Mercer had told me he could not praise that beginning too much, and John Stewardson had said it was interesting: and then as a final test, I had read it one night to Agnes Irwin and Mrs. Gillespie - Both had decided in its favour. I told them I was trying it on them, and should be happy for any amount of damning- I wonder how other men would do. I certainly have profited enormously from having several intimate friends who bear the nuisance of my mss. and speak their mind at the end. I wrote every word of Hank's Woman over again because of what Harry Mercer said. I can't remember a single story that has not gained by my adopting the criticism of one of these several long suffering friends and making (often) several changes. So Alden took both stories and sent me $400 for them.

Sunday, Oct.1

I went to see Miss Fox. There she sat in her tiny chair, my fairy godmother, 84 years old. She talked of my grandmother, and my mother and father, and then went back to her youth and told me of that. Now and then stopping to exclaim "But why should I burden you with all this about myself!" And she insisted she was not good. "I believe you and other people think I am good," she said, "but you don't know one's thoughts. And at night now I think of all this a good deal: and of my long, long life, and how little I have done with it." She is so little of this world and so much of the next, that there is an awe about it; and as for goodness, I have never known any one better, very very few so good - She was my grandmother's friend since both were girls and has known my mother from a child, and at last, me - And when she is gone there will be no one left in the world who can talk to me so.

Monday, Oct.2nd

I made all final preparations - Captain Edwards had written me to come to Arizona and see people there from whom I could gather the sort of information I sought, and Frank Michael had also written from San Francisco most encouragingly - I dined with John Stewardson at the club - At home next morning I played a perfidious trick of saying I should probably be back to dinner. I have always hated leave-takings, and they grow worse - and seem more useless. If my view is unsound, at least Sir Walter Scott thought so too, and was glad when his daughter and son-in-law went away before he was up in the morning. I took the Limited to Chicago, as I have previously recorded. My last glimpse of the Fair was a tarnished one. Buildings, flags, statues, fountains, all were jaded and their lustre gone. I revisited my favourite pictures, walked my favourite walks, went to La Rabida, and the Peristyle, and altogether took a melancholy leave of nooks and views that were vivid with associations of the early summer. The Fair was there, but its plaster was cracking off, and the glory was departed. Mrs. Darrach was hospitable to the bad penny I was, and my last memory of the World's Fair is my pleasant dinner at her house, and the walk to my World's Fair Express train under the Jungle-like bridges of the Illinois Central at 60th Street.

Thursday, Oct. 5th

The Santa Fé train brought me to Kansas City at noon - Missouri uninteresting, Kansas the same. Corn - fertile - flat. I must speak well of the Santa Fé railroad - Its officials were civil, and the meal stations well ordered. On Friday morning we were in Colorado, and breakfasted at La Junta. In front of the eating house was a shade of trees, and a fountain in the grass - a darkey holding a spurting cup. At every subsequent meal station there was a replica of this work of art. We dined at Raton, and supped at Las Vegas, which name brought Bob Ralston to my mind, and that summer of 1891, and Mrs. Morris, whom I miss every week of my life, if not every day. The road follows a pretty and melancholy passage through the mountains - the old Santa Fé trail, rising from Trinidad, and descending to Raton in New Mexico. We lost some fine scenery by dark coming on before we reached Las Vegas. The passengers in the Pullman were interesting - A more than middle aged woman who was taking her 88 year old father to Phoenix, Arizona. The old gentleman seldom spoke - When he did, it was at length, to the whole car, for several minutes at a time, and in a loud roar. He did not mind his infirm muscles in the least. Washing one morning, the car swung and down he went backward from the basin into my valise on the floor behind him - It stopped his having a much harder fall - Two of us hauled him on his legs again and he ambled unconcernedly away to his berth. Quite late at night I offered him a peach, and he swallowed it like a pelican. His daughter had gone to Phoenix in early days, driving there for 700 miles. The Indians began to be threatening just as they were near enough the military post to be safe. They carried water, of course, and always made a dry camp in the Indian country, she cooking in a stove to avoid the light of a fire. She said the Indians tried to steal the axe that was hung on the outside: and that as she sat inside she would hear them gallop up and pull at it - on which she would speak to her husband and he drove them off for a while. He made ice - It was all he knew, she said, and so they came to a hot country. He was now seeking to invent ice making by water power. Their house, the first wood house in Phoenix was going to be presented to the Historical Society. This grey haired woman talked to me for a morning, with simplicity and a plain strength and views about life that were full of the best of our country. From another passenger I heard three good saloon stories. The cowpunchers were to shoot on sight. After some time they met, and one recognized the other across a supper table. He took out his 6-shooter and while stirring his coffee with it told the other his last hour had come, and laid the weapon on the table, to eat a bit. Then as he took it up, remarking with relish that it was time to say prayers, the other, who had been watching him, but had admitted his day was done, shot him under the table, in the belly and killed him. A young lieutenant was in a saloon and his uniform antagonized a bully who fired at his heels and made him dance, and then took him up to the bar for a drink. He then asked the bully to drink in turn, and as the man was occupied in lifting his glass, the officer reached and pulled out the man's own six shooter and made him dance. A smoothly dressed youth sat smoking against a wall in a saloon, and a drunken cowpuncher entered, and shot the cigar out of his mouth. He rose, brushed the ashes away

from his waistcoat, lighted a fresh cigar and leaned back against the wall. So the cowpuncher shot his cigar away again. Again the youth rose, brushed off his clothes and walked up to the counter for a new cigar. He put it in his mouth, looked for a match, fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a pistol and shot the cowpuncher dead. These stories were told me by a N.Y. man who was a politician and had run against Flower for Governor. I think his name was Facett. A pleasant young fellow was on this train on his way to some mines of which he had charge in Mexico. He told me the Mexicans all firmly believe that they could conquer the United States but for Texas which they deem a formidable power - Since then I have heard this more than once. There was in our train and car a very lively jewelled lady of that class for which every decent man feels a kindness secretly. She said several good things, but one particularly. Some one spoke slightingly of a little man in eyeglasses. "You give that little man a gun"said she, "and he'll make you hard to find". I was also told of a traveler, who, sated with views and mountains remarked that he was "away ahead on scenery" - and of a dweller in Nevada, who on being asked how many acres he owned said, "Oh I'm not so poor as I look. I don't own the whole of this country." At Las Vegas a large Californian got in and held over our smoking room - He told several good things - one I remember of a judge who had sentenced an impertinent prisoner to a fine of $50 - for his offense. "Fifty dollars," said the man truculently - I've got that in my jeans." "And 30 days" thundered the Judge, "Have you got them in your jeans?"

Saturday, Oct. 7th

We ran through a country all sun and desert, with cactus and pale blue mountains sharp against the sky. There was much sand, and green brush, and willows by the Rio Grande, and yellow masses of daisies - The villages were all Mexican - adobe, with flat roofs where red peppers were spread to dry, and sometimes a girl among them, turning them over and flirting with the passing train. We had left Kansas City a lengthy affair - At Albuquerque during this past night our length and the company had dwindled, and at Rincon we pared down further still. When I got into the Southern Pacific at Deming all that were left were the Phoenix emigrates and the young man on his way to his mine in Mexico. Captain Edwards had written me to telegraph my arrival at Bowie Station to Major McGregor in advance, and I had done so - but arrived there, I was at a loss just what to do, or look for, and therefore ate my supper. After it, while getting my baggage from the train, McGregor himself walked up and asked if I were I. We had traveled from Deming together, he having gone there with his family on their way East. The Quartermaster had sent an ambulance because of my telegram which he had acted on in the Major's absence. We drove the 13 miles to the Post and I found my host greatly to my taste. He had a keen Scotch humor and discerned nonsense in anything or anybody at sight. His comments on some of the Army potentates and their doings were into the marrow. He had enlisted, and risen in 30 years to Major, and shortly will be Lieutenant Colonel. He began before the war: served thro' that, and since has been always on the Pacific slope - Bidwell - Benicia - Klamath - Walla Walla - Harney - and a very hard life - one winter losing 4 children through the inevitable exposure. His 21 year old boy Rob was the only member of his family with him. Captain Edwards whom he "had raised" as he put it, warned me he would be reticent; but he was not. I came introduced by a man of whom he was fond, and he was kindness and cordiality itself the whole week I spent under his roof. Every night over our tobacco he would talk of his past most agreeably, in a gruff humorous vein, and always mixed me a toddy at bed time.

Sunday Oct.8th

I lay idle, receiving the calls of the officers - Captains Fowler and Rawolle, and returning them. Fowler an excellent fellow and enthusiastic on hunting - The following days I rode over the country with Rob McGregor, one day to the skirmish drill, another to a ranche, another to the little town of Dos Cabezas. On our way here we passed a cabin, and the owner was walking along the road to it: - she was a young girl, freckled, sturdy, in a sun-bonnet, and round her waist a cartridge belt and six shooter. We paid her a short visit and she struck me as a capable person. Rob McGregor told me a good story of a raw German recruit whose English was defective. It appears the professional women at the town near a certain post had the habit of driving through rather boisterously. He was instructed by his sergeant to stop this

practice on Sundays, but to take care and not stop the wife of the Commanding Officer whom he could know by her driving in a 2-wheeled cart. One day later he was on guard, and the officer of the day passed and happened to ask him for form's sake what his orders were: "Sentinel, what are your orders?" -"Take charge of all government property within 50 yards of my post." "And next?" "In case of fire, discharge my piece." "Any more?" - "Stop all prostitutes from driving through the Post Sundays except one." "Who's that?" - "The Commanding Officer's wife in a two-wheeled cart."
At Dos Cabezas I saw old DeSong, the post trader whom the Gov't. had turned out of his store at Bowie. He was a relic of old times but I got no talk with him. All this week, however, my education in the matter my journey was taken for progressed at a good rate. McGregor over our cigars at night had much to say that I have remembered and noted. A Court Martial was coming on, and the defendant had applied for consul. McGregor offered me the place, "for a bit of experience" he said; and I had taken it: but found I might be delayed in getting to San Carlos - Captains Crane and Hartley came from Bayard to fill the number of the court: the latter stayed with McGregor and was an interesting man - once from Doylestown. He had seen the Texas border in Maximillian days, and certainly it must have been a curious place. He can no longer bear to shoot wild game; and is most humane about the Indians. He asked me to visit him at Bayard - We had duplicate whist two nights, the Major and Fowler vs. Rawolle and me - who were beaten, thanks to my poor play. But it was all most pleasant and I left Bowie with regret the time should be so short. The last day Fowler and his boy and Rob, and I with a corporal Skierden, who had had a singular pathetic history, explored a cave - We were an hour in its passages, but found no end.

Sunday, Oct.15th

I left Bowie, being sent in the afternoon in an ambulance to the Station. Here I passed the night at Tevis's Hotel, playing whist till 10 with the ticket and telegraph clerk, and a drummer.

Monday, Oct. 16th

We had 7 passengers and the driver as far as Solomonsville in the 3 seated stage. An abominable hot ride down the flat valley - Dinner at Solomonsville, which is a fruit bearing, blooming fertile place, under Mormon irrigation - The distasteful passengers left me here - they were a drummer and some low people of a loud low sort - and now my company for a little way was a woman with a baby, and a Mexican sheriff with one leg, long hair, and a 6-shooter he carried ready, reposing on my overcoat. He was going to Thomas for 2 prisoners - Our dusty road lay along the Gila Valley, a wretched sand and stone district, with stoney dry mountains rising each side some way back - At Thatcher I heard a lusty dominating voice outside giving the driver directions, and chaffing the sheriff. "Who's riding in your bad company?" it inquired, and the canvas flap was raised - "Why that's a decent man!" exclaimed the speaker, seeing me. "It's as much as your reputation's worth to ride with that fellow," he said. He had a short grey beard and a strong shrewd face. This was the Mormon bishop Leighton, owner of the stage line and of the whole Gila Valley community. He gave some sharp directions about not over driving a new pair of horses we took here, and when we started off ran after us and scolded the driver for his speed - Also, we were not to stop any more at the customary supper station, but pass and eat at Thomas, for the other people had displeased him. I afterwards learned this bishop has in his day been in hiding under indictment for polygamy - has had 9 wives - can not read or write - is 74 years old and lately was presented with twins by his 9th bride. He rules absolutely and with much commercial wisdom: not allowing his fruit raisers to peddle too often or in competition at San Carlos and other places, lest prices should fall from overcrowding. We reached Thomas by 9, where an army doctor from San Carlos greeted me and told me I was expected by Captain Edwards. There was no bed for me at the near Mormon Hotel and he kindly offered me part of his own, but the landlady gave me a room over the way, where I went to bed at 9:30 being promised breakfast at 4 before the stage started. A voice called as my door next morning and said the stage would go in 5 minutes. I jumped up and found it was 4:25. I flew over to the hotel, but no breakfast was there, and nothing but a blear eyed Chinaman who said he would get some in 20 minutes. I paid my bill for the supper and lodging to him and departed in a rage - It was entirely dark

and rather cold. The voices of the other two departing stage drivers sounded thro' the town: "All aboard for Bowie" "All aboard for Fort Grant", and so I drove away. I had the stage to myself and slept on a sack of barley that was in with me, while daylight came into the Gila Valley. After a while there was a shout from the bushes and we halted. An Indian came out to the stage, entirely naked but his breech clout, and his clay colored body and long black hair looked strange in the dawn and the desert surroundings. He received from the driver a little sack of something he had commissioned to be brought from Thomas for him the day before, and we went on. Each side the road we passed Indian huts, which are built of brush, and round topped, looking like large hollow ricks of hay - Some had old torn rags of canvas or blankets flung on them to help the solidity of the home - and from several came Indians and squaws to receive little sacks, or to give the driver 10 cents to buy them this or that in San Carlos and fetch it on his return. After four hours we came to breakfast at the Sub Agency, and a poor meal it certainly was. By eleven the day was hot, and we in sight of San Carlos, when I looked out and saw a tarantula stalking among the brush. I got out and killed it. It was black and hairy, and jumped up at my stick. After I had crushed it the legs worked like hairy fingers clutching the dust. Captain Edwards came out of his quarters to meet me, and I was glad to take a bath, and chat at ease. This Post stands on a sand terrace above the meeting of the San Carlos and Gila - Down the river some five miles is a rough cañon through these sharp hills, and among the flats and bluffs lie Apache huts, all of the same hayrick and rag-bag construction. The sun blazes down like a curse; but the nights were cool; and the light at sundown turned the whole bleak country into soft prisms and lakes of color. Also the moon, which we had at the full, rode so bright and strong, that the cañons shown clear in the mountains, and only the large stars shone in the sky. Two companies and a troop was stationed here and the Commanding Officer, Captain Myer, of the 11th Infantry, is also Indian agent. There are Indian scouts and police, and a secret service. "The Kid" is the only outlaw apache now, and he eludes all finding. He appears seldom, and only at full moon. His comings are always to steal a new squaw when the old one tires him. His last appearance was some months ago and evidently pre-arranged. A married squaw took her two little girls some 5 miles out on the hills about mid-day. She sat and waited till 2, when The Kid came. They sat round a fire and cooked mescal, after which the woman went off with him, ordering the little girls to walk home - They did not return till six, and the soldiers who were sent out at once found only a trail which they followed into the rocks and lost. I have a photograph of the last squaw but one, that Major McGregor gave me - and I also saw the woman herself one day when riding among the Indian villages. She was not beautiful, being much like a fat placid monkey - During the next days the officers and I called on each other, but they were dull people except Captain Myer, whom I liked greatly and saw much of. He came to Captain Edward's quarters quite often after night and we talked and smoked till taps. I learned a great deal from him and Edwards, and never before found out or saw so much of Indians. The chief of scouts was a certain Merijildo Grijalva; a Mexican, stolen by the Cochise band of Chincahuas when 11 years old, escaping when he was 18, since when he has been in Government service as scout and interpreter. I rode with him nearly every day and all over the country, buying the well made and pretty Apache baskets, which are pronounced the finest aboriginal work we have, and hearing drop by drop much I came to learn. Had Merijildo only been aware of how extraordinary his own life had been, I should have had material for a volume of romances; but everything to him was either half forgotten, or a matter of course, and it was by dint of unremitting questions and repetition that I got him to tell me what he did. By day I would thus catechize him as we roamed about the Gila Valley and talked to the Indians; and in the evening when Edwards and I returned from the unentertaining company of the mess my military information would increase over the pipe and bottle. Edwards was more patient and good natured over my endless questioning than it seemed possible for a man to be - Several times I sat down and made him dictate to me for 2 hours together - and half a dozen times a day I came to him with a new bushel of questions. The day was like this: Early, by 6:30, Edwards was up and out to his skirmish drill along the sand and brush by the river; coming back he

would wake me at 8 and we breakfasted - Once, to see and understand the thing, I went to skirmish drill with him - After breakfast he had some routine duties, and between times we gossiped in his room, enjoying each other's private comments on the doctor and certain under officers who did not please either of us over well: and I would take notes, and also sleep considerably over a book I was reading - The Refugees - which Mr. Alden seems to admire more than I do. Then I rode with Merijildo after lunch, or loafed and took notes of this and that item I happened to see as the hours passed. At 4, the Captain went to the Stables and with him the dog Major, who he takes care of; a black fool of a New Foundland, with a good pedigree, but a dull and slobbery affection that makes the poor thing a nuisance in spite of perpetually good intentions. I also went to stables with Edwards and conversed with several horses, dogs, and cats who met us there. From stables the Captain inspected the Kitchen, and I with him - the cook, Andersen, I liked, and he showed his character in a slight incident. One evening three of the troop came to the porch with a case to settle. Anderson had overheard a private say to another private that no wonder the cook had money to spend, since he was selling the troop bread to Merijildo. Andersen pounced on the two in a flash, had them up to the Captain, told the story in my presence, and brought it out clearly that Merijildo had that day borrowed two loaves which he was to return at his wife's next baking. Then the Captain gave them all a lecture, just like school, so that I did not dare to meet his eye, and they went away with the threat at Andersen's honesty thoroughly ventilated and dispelled by his promptness. Edwards and I laughed when they were gone, and he agreed when I said that what I had seen of army life in its intimate details reminded me of school boys and their masters - He said it was like this all the time: and more than once again I saw him step in and lecture or advise or punish just as it all used to be at St. Paul's, only the offenses were those of men instead of boys: but the mental and moral attitude of the private to his Captain is entirely that of a boy to a master. After Kitchen inspection we had a little whiskey, and then a dinner, and the evening. Two Issue Days came round while I was at San Carlos and I watched both and learned the details of that business - Captain Myer struck me more and more as an energetic honest man, doing his best under many difficulties. Towards the end of my visit two companies arrived from Whipple Barracks to exchange with the two here - and the new officers made a variety, but not much. There was a Devil Dance among the Apaches the night after their arrival, and a wild sight of remoteness from our day it was, with the fire and the figures and the tom-toms, up among these barren hills under the full moon - When it was time for Edwards to start with his troop for the assembling and regimental drill at Grant I was more than half sorry this was over. Captain Myer regretted he had been able to do nothing for me in the way of sending me out or taking me through the country, and explained how glad he would have been to do so if any chance of leaving his work had come along.

Wednesday, Nov. 1st

I started with the cavalry on the march to Fort Grant - We made four marches, and I was able to see by living in it all the detail of this. We went some 5 hours each day, very hot and dusty, and Edwards and I went to bed pretty early in our tent - Our first camp was at the Sub-Agency, and I got a bath in the Gila - The picket line was established just beyond the adobe wall of the corral, the wagons drawn up beyond, the fire near them, and the men strewn for sleep along the wall or in the soft dust by mesquite thickets. Edwards and I had our tent across the road, and a sibley stove in it, quite necessary after dark. Bjork, Edward's servant - a soldier from K troop who by his own request was taking his service in serving his former officer - put up our cots and brought us our supper and breakfast - Edwards told me he had lived with Mc Gregor in his tent during the early years when he was 2nd lieutenant and McGregor was 1st captain - Every morning McGregor would energetically get up first, and make his "youngster" a toddy to rise on. At Thomas, our 2nd camp was rather sordid, being made among dry dung. But I slept very comfortable - Here the proximity of a saloon made a quarrel or two, and put some men in the guard house. I had by this made a pleasant acquaintance with several privates and heard their fortunes and their opinions- and one of them went to the guard house for being drunk, as also did Sergeant Mason -

He went for questioning the order of his commanding officer. Edwards had detailed Sergeant Allen to escort the ambulance with the sick men and a prisoner through to Grant next day - The men thought it was the 1st Sergeant (Sender) who had made this detail, and as it appears that Allen during the last year of Captain Edward's absence from his troop had been favored with more than his share of pleasant details (or the men thought so) now some one stepped to the tent and I heard a talk about " Sergeant Mason being anxious to go with the ambulance," Edwards came in and I saw him look stiff, and he told me - "They've got a little grievance," said he, "And I'll probably hear more of it." Presently three men came, and Edwards stepped out. "What is it, Sergeant Mason?" I hear him say, and then followed a long statement of the grievance, which amounted to this: Sergeant Allen is detailed again, after always getting details. Edwards listened to it all, and when it was finished said quietly: "Sergeant Mason you will report to the officer of the guard and consider yourself under arrest." That was all, and the men went away and the captain stepped in and explained the thing to me. "I'm sorry," he said, "Mason's a good man, and would never have done it but for the beer he has in him. I'll have to court martial him - unless he begs off." I asked what the technical offense was and he told me - criticizing or questioning an order. Later the two men came back - This was to apologize - They thought the order was Sergeant Sender's and had not come from the Captain - and they said it was not Mason's fault but theirs. Next day or the day after Mason begged off and was excused.

Friday, Nov. 3rd

We went over the road and up the hill where a paymaster had been robbed of 28,000 dollars, to Cedar Springs, and camped on the graves of 7 Mexicans - they are not marked in any way. Barney Norton, of Cedar Springs entertained Edwards and me all evening with the paymaster robbery and old Tombstone days, and the trouble between the Earps and Clantons - His talk was a lively comedy of Tragedies and full oflocal color - I regretted having to go away and leave such a mine unexplored.

Saturday, Nov.4th

We rode into Grant, seeing as we came out of the hills the dust of other approaching columns moving over the distant plain - Mrs. Arnold, wife of the commanding officer, Colonel A. K. Arnold, had most kindly asked Edwards and me his guest to stay at their house. Edwards told me to accept - or accepted for me - but had to live in camp and be with his troop. I was made at home in a most hospitable and kindly way, and spent a very delightful 10 days - Mrs. Arnold and I had mutual acquaintances, she coming from Cold Spring on the Hudson. There was a large gathering of officers here, 12 troops having assembled for drill from Bayard, Bowie, Huachuca and Carlos. This made gaiety, and we had dances and dinners and receptions - also whist, and some poker at the Officer's Club - I rode out to drill, where Colonel Arnold made me one of his "aids" - and thus as one of the staff I was able to see the whole very well - I had never seen so many troops together, and in the sunshine on the vast plain movements were a splendid sight - The Post itself is quite beautifully placed - bold mountains behind it and a bold flat of desert below with blue peaks lifting into ultimate sight. A fine border of trees shaded the road by the quarters, and at the edge of the parade ground is a tall fountain - The band was good, and our flag flew all day in the blue, beating and flowing in a cool, steady wind - I had many invitations - the officers from Huachuca and Bayard asked me to come there, and Major McGregor would have taken me back to Bowie with him - It was good to see him and Fowler once more. I would say to any man looking for friendly welcome and good company - go to the Army.

Saturday, Nov. 11th

I rode out to Cedar Springs to get some more of Barney Norton, and spending Sunday there, returned on the good horse Yellowstone that Edwards let me have whenever I wanted him - When I told them I must go on Wednesday, they protested Kindly, and Mrs. Arnold wished me at least to stay till the encampment was over - but my time draws short, and I was not doing as much work as I ought - So I came away, the last being more invitations and good wishes, Mrs. Arnold engaging me to visit them on the Hudson. Lieutenant Ayleshire the quartermaster gave me an ambulance and away I went in regret to the railroad at Wilcox.

Thursday, Nov.16th

Yuma to Los Angeles. The desert could not be more desolate, and I never dreamed of such illusion as the mirage I saw at Volcano Springs. It was not until the straight track we had just gone over turned to a lake in my sight that I was wholly sure we were not running along a large body of water in which the mountains were reflected. Six hours halt at Los Angeles - Dinner -

Friday, Nov.17th

Through the San Joaquin Valley, and a terrific sandstorm. Had some good American talk in the smoking compartment. I am glad to find every American thinking and feeling as I feel about politics and what we need most - no more immigration and a system of franchise that shall clean out the demagogies - One man proposed a wise (but I fear impossible) plan: a single, homeless laboring man to have 1 vote - A man owning a house to have 2, and a man owning a house and supporting a family 3. He had been thinking over this for several years, and recently they have adopted such a system in Switzerland.

Sunday, Nov.19th

San Francisco. Frank Michael was at the Ferry to meet me on Friday night, and we went to the Palace Hotel and had a little supper. I brewing some 'Nile Water' in honor of the auspicious re-union. Then we went to the Club and there I brewed 'Sitana Cocktail" in honor of the auspicious re-union which lasted until 2 for me, and 5 for others. I found I was known to some as the author of 'Emily', and several men to whom I was introduced said pleasant things about the story. Next day I read a large mail which had no bad news, and was full of congratulations upon the Atlantic and Harper articles. Many friends had taken the trouble to sit down and give me their good word - and I know no higher pleasure than the appreciation and encouragement that have been showered on me in the last year. Mrs. Whitman's words made my eyes moist: and Frederick Remington wrote more than heartily about 'A Kinsman of Red Cloud' that he is illustrating now. Ah Muse, don't give out, nor become vain! As a matter of fact, all this praise makes me feel quite humble and soft, and haunts me with a burning to do better. Then there was a slip from the N. Y. Tribune, saying Owen Wister's was a new name in current literature, but one they would 'fain become better acquainted with,' and they spoke well of 'Emily.' Frank Michael came in with messages and invitations, and I see ahead much warm hospitality in store for me. I called on Hall McAllister and his wife, but did not find them. Passed evening at Club with a very intelligent young German who told me extraordinary things about behind the scenes at La Scala. At hotel found cards from Bill Edmunds and Jim Wright. Tom Robbins is here, to pass the winter putting the estate of some kinsman of his wife's. Edmunds wants me to visit them at their vineyards, but I fear I must cleave pretty strenuously to work. Breakfasted with Jim Wright, and wrote a beginning to a new story I find no name for just yet. At one, went down and there was dear Hall McAllister. He took me to lunch with him and soon both of us were shouting with laughter. He is his own unchanged self. And now, here I am after 6 years again going over to Miramonte where I spent a night in his father's lifetime when George Norsman and Copley Amory and I made that Western journey which I believe settled my destiny as a writer, though I did not know it then. The impression of our Nation and Continent I got then has been at work ever since, and added to by each new journey. This bay we are crossing to Sancalito is heavenly beautiful! And why is it that there's a spell and glamor of romance about the Golden Gate and all this place? As soon as I stepped on the ferry at Oakland last Friday night and saw the water and the hills and the rising lights of the town, it came over me new and fresh, but the same as 6 years ago. There are qualities about this place. There are quantities of people I know here and must call on. Harry Sillig is in India - and more disreputable each year, they tell me. Billy Hearst has dislodged his incubus at the expense of $50,000 and goes about unimpeachable - Billy Barnes dislodged his incubus by the Divorce Court, and is married anew, on respectable lines. Gaston Ashe made a not over-happy remark to him at his second wedding. Walking up to bride and groom he said with a congratulatory smile, "Ah, Billy, at it again, I see."

December 12th

En route to Portland. I left San Francisco last night, Frank Michael coming to the ferry, where I parted with him as I had met him. Our farewell was not forever, as

there is some liklihood I must return later in the Winter. I have got enough from Wells and Fargo to make perhaps one good story for the adventure series, but there are such mines of wealth waiting that I did not have time to touch, that it seems a pity to leave them so, when the company is so well disposed towards my project. In fact, I see that one should really tell the history of Wells and Fargo from the beginning, not as a short story, but a long book. They began in 1852, and were at once a vital organ of California. To tell their growth and experiences would be to tell of the mines, the mails, the pony express, the stage coaches, and a world of courage and skill not much like anything else in the world. Such a book might be called The Romance of a Corporation - It would need a long study and the meeting and knowing well many people - "old timers" who don't as a rule talk to order, and however friendly in intention, must be lured into unconsciousness over a cigar late at night. I should like to write such a book - It would be a real contribution to our literature, and a new thing too, I think. No one has yet made a Corporation his hero. But then - it's a long way to come from home and the two lonely people there. San Francisco was not so rich a provider for me as Arizona was. It could not have been any other way. A story was due by the 20th, and I had to sit down and write it. This took two weeks. I shut myself up in my bed-room at the Palace Hotel from breakfast till lunch, and from lunch, often until dinner, working in a room opening on a dark court, so that I used the electric light. It was not cheerful, but it Had to be done. At another time a week would most likely have been enough for the job; but my thoughts had been so unravelled and dissipated with observing in Arizona, and my memory was so jumbled with the motley I had seen and heard, that I was slow in getting to feel my story. So my days were passed in high seclusion - broken by lunch at the University Club, where I would go with Tom Robbins, having got him out of his office on the 9th floor of the Mills Building. Frank Michael generally joined us, and sometimes Hall or Eliot McAllister - These lunches were nearly always hilarious. Then I went back to my bed-room and writing, till 5:30 or 6, when dinner at the University Club again brightened me up. I came to know several very pleasant men there - a Mr. Foote, husband of Mary Halleck Foote - a civil engineer, very agreeable: Jack Casserly, a most amusing and cultivated fellow, and the German, Dr. Scheidel, from New Zealand - Then there were older men - Jannin, and Tucker - son of Beverly Tucker - and he told us one evening at dinner a wonderful story of his journey from Appomatox to Canada in search of his father - He was then a boy of twenty. Almost every night Frank Michael and I dined, and these others joined us in various combinations. I always passed the evening at the Club, talking and forgetting my work for the sake of rest. When the story was done, Hugh Tevis whom I had found much tamed by matrimony (I told him 1887 this would be so) put me in touch with Wells and Fargo, where Captain Bradford became kindness itself - Hume, a special officer in their service for 20 years was also well disposed, and lent me his scrap book. I saw nothing of San Francisco society. Mr. Jones, a cousin of the McCalls and Mercers, very civilly called upon me and offered to launch me among white cravats and dancing, but I excused myself. I dined quietly with Mathew Hall McAllister and his wife: Casserly asked me to dine with his family one evening, and Hugh Tevis was most hospitable. I dined with him and his delightful wife three times, the last twice her father and mother, Judge and Mrs. Boalt were also there - these were most pleasant evenings, and if I return to California I have promised to go to their ranch. Then twice I went over to stay the night with Tom and Mrs. Robbins in Ross Valley - I always liked her, and like her more and more. They've been having the deuce of a time with her father's estate, but Tom tells me he has about straightened things out. Still, they must pass the Winter in California. I lunched Tom and Captain Bradford at the Palace Hotel one day, and we discussed California - my two guests - one an observer and the other an old timer - that evil days are in store for that State. One sees it clearly. The gold was a fairy epoch, and now the magic is gone, California must go back and travel painfully the same road all new colonies have gone before they reached real prosperity. Before I went away I saw Michael, Tevis, Hall McAllister, and Bill Edmunds to dinner. It was well served and good, and Tevis radiated with more astonishing humour and anecdote than I ever saw, even from him. Michael, who had not known him well, and was a bit sceptical of my

estimate of Tevis's powers sat gasping for breath all through the meal till midnight. Five of us drank 6 bottles of Ruinart. Well enough, and no one the worse then, or next day. Poor old Pat Grant, greyhaired and saddened, is Club manager. He does it with admirable tact and very well, but he is an exile, and he hates it. So should I. From the Somerset to San Francisco is a weary step in all ways. Mrs. McAllister was so desperately ill during all my stay, that I saw almost nothing of Hall, and nothing of his sisters Mrs. Wise and Miss McAllister, after that first pleasant and musical evening at Miramonte - When I came away, Mrs. McA. was better.

Monday, Dec. 18th

Portland. My stay here is over, and I go to-night. The morning of my arrival, Major Jackson to whom Edwards had written, called upon me, and in the afternoon Captain Boutelle came over from Vancouver Barracks. I talked all the morning with Jackson in his office, and he showed me maps of Tule Lake and the Lava beds - also many photographs taken during the Modoc campaign. I lunched with him at the Arlington Club, where Mr. Wood joined us - Wood was on Howard's staff during the Nez Perces campaign, and afterwards left the army and took to law - He struck me as a clever, versatile, and unsound person. His 13 year old son, Erkine, he allows to pass months at a time with Chief Joseph and his tribe on the Colville reservation. Lately they have adopted him into the tribe and segregated a special squaw for him. His father says that sometimes on the boy's return from these sojourns they are obliged to burn his clothes and take a long while to wash the vermin from him - Erskine speaks their language and takes photographs, and I do not see what his parents expect him to be fit for when he is grown up. Wood is one of the attournoys in the great smuggling opium - Chinese case that's going on: and he took me to court where I heard some interesting testimony from the man Blum. He has turned states' evidence; and he sat up there explaining his own rascality to several hundred people with a sang froid more degraded and damnable than anything I have seen. Everyone seemed amused at this recital of bribing officials, buying port inspectors, corrupting harbor police, and carrying on the whole affair in a whore house owned by Blum's mistress, and the meeting place of the smuggler conspirators for both business and pleasure. If they had been sailors and stevedores and tramps, the thing would have seemed to me rather beyond the average of discredit; but it concerned high officials appointed by Harrison when he was President, and others elected by Portland to fill most responsible positions. Our politics are indeed putrescent all over the land, and I find myself beginning to say "How long, Lord, how long?" I wonder if Providence, displeased at the modern lie that every man is the equal of every other and therefore as fit to vote, is allowing that lie to disprove itself by working the ruin of our national Government? That would be a Calvinistic way for Providence to manage worldly matters. I dined with Major Jackson, and found him as despondant about the United States as I am, and for exactly the same reasons. I said, "But look here. I don't want to hear you talk in this strain. I want to meet somebody that's hopeful." "I can't help seeing what I see," he replied. "It's not my nature to be despondent in the least. I never was-never would listen to such notices, until in the last years they have forced themselves upon me." Well, I don't want to lose heart. I want to think that it's only the old order changing, yielding place to new - and that God fulfills Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world - but it's not easy to think this just now. The deluge of immigrants is diluting our Anglo-Saxon race pretty fast - poisoning us, in fact; and I rather imagine we must have a huge overturning here or this continent will cease to be habitable for law abiding, honest, and enlightened citizens.

Thursday, Dec. 19th

I spent at Vancouver Barracks with Captain Boutelle. This Post lies on the Columbia, among green levels and huge fir trees - with snow Mt. St. Helens shining over purple hills to the East, up the wide river - a very beautiful post. In the evening called on Bishop Morris - I pursued my talks with Major Jackson on Friday, and got at some of the personality of the Modoc War. We had previously gone over maps, and I had read his article. Thus I knew the outside, but there was much inside, and this I in part had from him - He lunched with me. Next day I passed at Vancouver again, with Captain Boutelle. Magnificent weather and view of river and mountains - We - that is

when the ladies were there - talked 1st Cavalry gossip. In the evening dined with Bishop Morris. Sunday I called on Mrs. Jackson, who was interested to see my photographs of San Carlos. Sunday afternoon Boutelle came over from Vancouver and passed the afternoon, dining with me at the Club, where we talked till ten and he went home. Monday, I lunched at Club with Major Jackson, and Wood joined us. His son, Erskine has returned from Chief Joseph, where they had assigned him a place and were building him a special suit of clothes for their mid-winter dance. Wood told a good story of an Indian's speech to General Howard in Arizona during one of the Wheeler astronomical expeditions. Wrapped in his rig he came into their camp, extending his hand to Howard and said: "Hello, Johnny. How you get on? Milky Whey. God Damn." Again I must record the heartiness and hospitality of the Army officers. Jackson and Boutelle not only put themselves to pains to give me any information they knew, but showed me every civility in their power. My last talk with Boutelle at the Club was particularly pleasant, for he had broken his reserve in a measure and talked of himself, his career, and the army in general.

Wednesday, Dec.20th

[Granger, Wyoming. By evening we shall have passed Rawlins, and all this is mine own country, with nothing to note save that it looks as it should, and the days are beautiful. We had a sift of snow lying on the mountains through Oregon and Idaho, and this morning in Utah there was some - But here the plains are grey with the sage brush. Some of us kill time with card games.]

Friday, Dec. 22nd

On Key-stone Express - a degraded train now, sent round via the PanHandle Route; hence it may be seen that the Pennsylvania R.R. is economizing. Card playing has been the chief pastime of this week. Three of us came all the way from Portland to Chicago, and each day had a new fourth; the 1st fourth quitting us at Ogden, the next at Cheyenne and Omaha respectively. I never knew any of their names - and now I'm playing more anonymous cards through Indiana and Ohio. Whist this time, as befits the East, hitherto it has been Pedro. At breakfast on the C. & N.W. this morning, I met Jack Tebbetts, who had been on the train since Omaha. Bad weather for the first time.

Saturday, Dec. 23rd

[Between Harrisburg and Philadelphia.] Rain - a green Christmas, probably. I think this Keystone Express a very uncomfortable train, and the railroad people practice a discreditable economy in allowing one dining car to do for three trains - which this became at Columbus last night. The Chicago, Cincinnati, and St.Louis passengers gathered in a single clan, and each man had to wait some 30 minutes after he found a seat, before any waiter could attend to him. [At Harrisburg I bought the January Harper, which has Balaam and Pedro in it - I am curious to have a verdict on this story. I know that I have never done anything so good, or that contains so big a swallow of Wyoming; but the event related is cruel; and "artistic" motives led me to exclude all sunshine - This is not the kind of thing the general reader likes.
Later. My 1st verdict on Balaam and Pedro was given me with miraculous promptness. A youth whose name I know not, and with whom I have been playing whist through the uninteresting states of Indiana and Ohio, came about an hour ago and sat down here by me. "Did you say you had Scribner for January?" said he. I told him to get it from my valise at his side. He got out Harper - "It's all the same," said he, and began looking at the illustrations. When he came to Remington's of the horse deal, he stopped and looked at it three times as long as at the others. Then he read a few sentences in the text opposite, and turning more leaves finished all the illustrations the number contains. Then he returned and looked at Remington again. After that he found the beginning of the story and began to read it - When he had read about three pages he turned to me and said "Don't it make you hot to read about cruelty and horses being abused?" To which I: "Yes - Is that story about such things?" "Yes, it is - The way those cowboys treat dumb animals makes me mad. I've seen it." After which he continued the story till it was about half finished - Then took to skipping, and at length read the end. My author's pride was chastened by his not reading every word I had written, of course. But he read nothing else in the number; looked at the pictures in the advertisements, and then put the volume back in my valise. "You can take Scribner," said I,

"It's in there." "No, much obliged - It's all the same - Scribner and Harper both generally have one good story, and that's all I wanted." This youth is a matter of fact youth, not showing in talk at least - any literary interests; and his business is banking, real estate, and fir insurance, West Superior, Wisconsin. If such as this will read me, I am secure. But I think I owe it to Remington's picture; otherwise he might not have been arrested.

December 31st. Midnight

Butler Place. Good night 1893! I shall not see you again. You brought me the beginnings of a success that I pray the power be granted me to make more worthy. My father has just wished me Happy New Year - I trust it may be so to him. He feels it cannot begin so. Mrs. McKean, a friend among his dearest for forty years is to-night seriously ill.

Harry Mercer has been spending the last few nights with us, working on a lecture he is getting ready for the archaeologists in town - It is always a good thing when he is in the house. He thinks well of my Indian story, and gave me some good suggestions.

Miscellaneous Notes

Her Birthdays.

Many lies she had been told;
They held her from turning old.
It was when life told her truth
That her soul forgot its youth.

Merry Christmas.

Gay trees and greetings, toys and tapers bright
Homecomings and warm hearths, and flaxen gloss
Of children's heads, our heritage to-night
Come from the distant manger and the cross.

Some Dialect and Glossary

To uncork a horse - (Arizona Cowboy) to ride a bucking horse till he bucks himself quiet.
To hunt leather - To hold on by the horn of the saddle, or any strap or string.
To hunt dirt - To fall off
To hobble stirrups - To fasten them under a horse's belly.
Gringo - Mexican for "outsider" - in bad sense - stranger
Cheva - Caberon - Two of the most opprobrious terms a Mexican can apply
Peeler - Cowpuncher
Lick - Larrup - syrup, molasses
Sleeper - A cow with ear mark and no brand
Dog-robber - (military) striker
Dough-boy - (military) what cavalry calls infantry
Hot in the collar - angry